287358

VOL. XV.
NO. 1

# CANADA MONTHLY

LONDON
NOV.

JAN 14 1913

# And Everywhere That Mary Went

## By Maureen O'Grayham

With Illustrations by Percy Edward Anderson

WERE you ever young in the days when grey lamb curled in soft alluringness in the shop-windows? Mary Millicent was—young and seventeen—just seventeen in December. And in January she was enrolled on the list of females engaged in gainful occupations. Or could teaching in a small manufacturing town at two hundred and twenty-five dollars per annum, be called a gainful occupation? Anyway it made the grey lamb possible. What well-nigh made the grey lamb impossible is what this story is all about.

Mary Millicent, at the grey lamb period, was religious—Christian Endeavor religious. That was why she had wept so at going to the teachers' training school. She had wept at leaving her glad, wild chums and putting up her wayward hair and putting down her impeding skirts, and having to learn to control children whose vagaries she adored, she wept hardest and longest and bitterest of all at the white lie her mother bade her tell. The training school regulation insisted that female students should be of the mature age of seventeen, and Mary Millicent was just sixteen when she found she had been too brilliant for her own comfort and there were no more examinations to pass.

MARY MILLICENT WAS THE PROUD POSSESSOR OF A GRAY LAMB CAPE

"You'll be seventeen before you teach, Mary Millicent," her mother suggested guilefully. "Fill in the blank, and stop being so soft." And Mary Millicent's fear of her mother being greater than her newer fear of God because of memories of a skin hand that bore more heavily than any legendary hand of the Almighty as yet, she filled in the blank.

It was now January and Mary Millicent was seventeen and visioning a cheque on the last day of each calendar month. The credit system being much in vogue in the manufacturing town, she was also the excited possessor of a grey lamb cape, the long kind that came below the hips and had snuggly pockets in front and curled in delicious soft greys and snow-flakey whites and cuddled against her rosy, fat cheeks, and simply insisted on being photographed with Mary Millicent. It was Friday night. She was going home on the nine o'clock local for over Sunday, there was to be a carnival at the skating rink, Arthur Carpenter was coming from college, and the world was all sparkly and expectant.

Now, Mary Millicent's Christian Endeavor society met on Friday nights, and, her pledge bound her to go to every meeting and to take some part in the same aside from singing, unless she had some perfectly valid reason acceptable to Divinity. Because of this, she tucked her Bible under her grey lamb cape when she gathered up her bag and skates and hunted for her railway ticket, and she turned in a little late at the basement of the church on her way to the station.

There was some intense psychic wave over the service that caught Mary Millicent into it. It wasn't being easy for Mary Millicent to be Christian Endeavor religious. She had always been a square-toed, decent little sort, unconscious of her soul, and learning her Church of England ritual faithfully from "What is your name? N. or M." down to the long Athanasian Creed. But there had been dissension in the Church, Low and High a-scowl at each other, Low finally walking in silent protest out of a service at which candles were lit on the altar, and taking Mary Millicent's family with them.

While she was thus cut off from her accustomed litanies, and her family moved to a near-by town, a great revival swept the manufacturing town. But Mary Millicent's Anglican nose tip-tilted at revivals. Suddenly, at school one day, she found herself disquietingly alone. Every last one in her class had been converted, even the freckled imp-twins. It was terribly lonely being unconverted. Mary Millicent could stand anything but being lonely. So she went one night to hear the suave, soft-voiced revivalist. The other girls told him of her, and he led her to the front later on, seeking salvation, as they all praised God for; just getting away from being horribly lonely, as she hardly realized herself. She didn't feel converted, she told them, she hardly knew what it meant, and she never did feel converted then or

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later. But they said the conviction would come—and just be good. So she had wept at the white lie about her age, and read three days a week to the old charwoman with the broken leg, and was still trying to fit her square-toed honesty to the impossibilities of that pledge.

On this Friday night, the topic centered round "He first findeth his own brother Simon." Amid the heart-searchings, Mary Millicent nearly stayed too long, and, with her bag and skates and Bible made a hurried cut to the station down a long, black, lonesome hill. She was scuttling along worried about Simon. That was what was hardest for her—going after others. "I feel impertinent," she confessed to the jingle of her skates. In later years she would win her way back with scars to her square-toed instincts. But now her soul and her neighbors' souls were forced upon her attention. Yes, she truly had tried to influence her sister Elizabeth last time she was home.

"Don't you want to be a Christian, Elizabeth?" she had shakily inquired in the dark, warm, quiet bed.

"I can never be a Christian," said thirteen-year old Elizabeth, readily and positively, "I can never be a Christian until I know *who made God*." Elizabeth had evidently been meeting theological beasts of her own.

Mary Millicent couldn't help there. "Let's pray," she suggested more shakily. Elizabeth had no serious objections nor any lively anticipations. So they shivered out of their warm bed and Mary Millicent prayed that God would make Elizabeth a Christian in spite of her paucity of knowledge of His own origin, and they shivered back in again feeling rather better and a bit shamefast and entirely unnatural. The preaching and praying had been very soft. Small shrift would the mother have made of their prayers had she caught them. Hadn't she taught them "Now I lay me," and "God bless," and the Lord's prayer, and "Lighten our darkness," and, later, some long, hard collects? Mary Millicent, thus far, had been a silent witness before her mother, letting her light shine when she polished the silver and dusted the parlor. And now, scurrying over the dark hill, she wondered what she might do further about finding these "own brothers."

"IT'S ME," SHE GASPED, WITH SUDDEN SICK REALIZATION. "WHY, IT'S ME!"

Then her heart was in her throat, strangling a scream. And her sturdy knees wobbled on the lonely, snowy hill. *Something* had crossed her path, live and dark and with no motion she had ever known of decent cat or dog.

"Oh God," she moaned, "Oh God!" The skies were silent, her Bible fell from her stiffened arm, and the Christian Endeavor pledge fluttered over the snow after *the thing* as it got away with its devilish motion. How Mary Millicent got to the station she never knew—down the hill, past the dim, dark factories, and, with sobbing breath into the arms of the Armitages. "You are foolish to run so—the train is just on the bridge," scolded Rosa Armitage, while Bob took her bag and skates.

Suddenly the women buried crinkled noses and distressed faces in their muffs, suddenly the men swore in short, staccato breaths and hunted for their handkerchiefs, while a fetid, blinding, unmistakable, unforgettable effluvium destroyed the good keen winter air. They climbed in a sort of angry amusement into the little suburban train, hailing escape that way. But all the five miles to the main line the density and violence of that rancid offensiveness waxed stronger and more undisciplined. Through sputterings and curses each man eyed his neighbor with suspicion and dislike and wrenched ineffectually at the nearest car window. The conductor opened the doors, remarking that there was "a hefty lot o' loose sachet bein' squandered abroad," and forgot to collect the fares. The baggage-man convulsively checked a baby-carriage with the effects of a bachelor Cabinet Minister, and a commercial traveller's pajama samples instead of the suit-case of a blushing bride.

"This," said the news-boy, too stifled to call his evening papers, "this is merry 'ell. Hoff fer mine!" And he plunged headlong from the car to the station platform. But neither was the atmosphere there the atmosphere of innocence. Stronger, ranker, more virulent grew that poisonous odor till the trains east and west rushed in together, and the gibing, demoralized passengers for the west got away, catching breath and the car-steps by good luck.

Rosa Armitage and Bob and Mary Millicent were the only passengers for the train east, their coach drowsy with peace and vocal with slumbrous man. Enter the smell. Snoring drummers wakened from sonorous music more quickly and thoroughly and finally than ever they would rouse to Gabriel's horn later on, wakened in a mutter of protest that swelled to hostile fluency and sparkled with profane wit, glared balefully at the new-comers and fled to the smoker. In the smoker, two Englishmen were discussing matrimony —"It's just that y'belong to someone else"—"If he's not that, he's dam' selfish"—"If you want to read, she thinks you're unsociable"—"English wives best"—"A bit whiff, eh what?" And they fled to the car.

During the scramble in the passage, Bob looked around at the girls. Rosa Armitage had been keeping her crumpled face hidden in her muff as from an impropriety, Mary Millicent's heart had kept fluttering with the fright and shock of the *thing* that had sidled off in guilt, ungainly through the snow. But now, becoming conscious of the turmoil of men at the end of the car and of the intolerable stares, hearing the sallies of offensive wit, the flippant, facile phrases, the barbed words stinging through the acrid air, she suddenly was swept with a convulsive, scorching flame of comprehension and horror.

She turned eyes of abject agony to Bob and Rosa. "It's *me*," she whispered chokingly. "That was why I ran—I met—a—thing—on the hill—And I ran and ran—I did not know—till—now. And it's me—*it's me* !"

"Look as though it weren't," said Bob. "We've only ten miles to go. Sit tight."

One by one, the passengers, with extravagances of speech, with slash and sweep of satire, came back through the coach, and out at the other end, looking in malignity at Bob and Rosa and Mary Millicent as they passed.

"They know it's *us*, but they don't know it's *me*," Mary Millicent's was such a despairing little ghost of a voice. "It isn't fair—you go too, Bob and Rosa—I'll bear it alone—but I'll die of shame."

"We couldn't leave you to smell it all alone." Bob permitted himself his first grim hint of a smile.

Then the uneasy passengers wandered back, disconcertingly passing up and down the aisle by the uncomfortable trio, scouting curiously. And the improper, ungodly, merciless odor became more criminally clamant second by second.

"It's the man's misbegotten coon coat," said a drummer to a fat-necked, purple, suffering promoter.

"I'm betting on the little girl's lamb," the promoter grinned at her. "She looks guilty as the cinders of purgatory—see the cheeks of her—hotter than blazes !"

But the fatal, devastating, unmerciful perfume crowding into their throats, drove them to seek the relief of air on the steps where men already pushed and hung.

"You seem to be talking through your cape, Mary Millicent," said Bob.

"Oh, they're mean ! They're mean!" Mary Millicent had never known before the brusque brutality of men in discomfort. She grew incoherent and hysterical. "I'm a stricken child of Fate," she choked. "Did ever you know so *dismissing* an aura ?"

"You stop that, Mary Millicent," said Rosa, putting a firm hand on the fluttering, agitated fingers. "Try to open a window, Bob." Bob couldn't. "Sit tight !" he advised cheerily, "We'll soon be there."

Soon ? It was only ten miles, but Mary Millicent knew all about eternity after that ten miles, the length and breadth and height and depth of eternity, the immeasurableness of eternity, eternity and hell, fire and never-endingness, the scroudging voices of men from the smoker, voices raised in a vocabulary of resentment and disgust, a lusty, sinful, hideous havoc in your nostrils, a riot of shame beating in all your blood, noisy laughter at the station, and hurried dispersings, stride on stride.

An agonized entreaty to Rosa, "You'll never tell ?" And Rosa's comforting "Cross my heart, cross my neck, hope to die !" An imploring glance at Bob, and his hearty "I'm an oyster. Swords won't open me." Then Mary Millicent was somehow walking with her mother and Elizabeth up a white street, and that active, intolerable, drastic, villainous, protean smell brimmed fore and aft along the white street too.

Mary Millicent's mother fidgetted.

"It's something that man has in his satchel," she said indignantly. "I think I'll go ahead."

Hot humiliation was clutching at the throat of Mary Millicent, beating in her face. She tried to speak, but could only laugh helplessly. Elizabeth waited to hear the joke, but the mother went ahead.

"It's worse here," she expostulated. "I think I'll go behind."

Mary Millicent, shaken with her helpless, hysterical laughter, was still trying to speak. "Tell her—" she said, "tell her—" she gasped. But the mother was growing impatient.

"It's worse everywhere," she decided. "Hurry !"

And up the white street, with a man or two still jesting through the graphic, restless, intimate, expansive, inexhaustible smother of smell, Elizabeth dragged Mary Millicent after a fleeting mother, a wilted Mary Millicent, laughing helplessly, sobbing foolishly, trying to speak—"Tell her—tell her—"and as they reached their own gate, evil breath still about them, she achieved speech—"Tell her—it's me—and I can't go in,"—she dropped despairing and forspent into the snow. "I can't ever go in any place again."

"SIGN THAT BLANK, MARY MILLICENT, AND DON'T BE SO SOFT !" SAID HER MOTHER WITH DECISION

The practical, resourceful mother got the situation with a gasp and a laugh. They entered by the wood-shed where the dimmed glory of grey lamb was left, Mary Millicent, purified and calmed, summoned serenity so that they made an unconcerned entrance and greeting to the Man-who-Read. The Man-who-Read, you see, was a second husband, a foreign element in this inconsequent Irish family, because of his mingled English and Dutch extraction and ensuing seriousness among folk who must needs jest at their own death-beds. But what he lacked in foible he made up in hunch and possessed a nose like a catechism. This he soon followed to the wood-shed, returning precipitately. "There's a bad smell out there," he complained, and the family melted away up-stairs with choking noises and encrimsoned faces.

"A bold, bad smell met his gaze," sobbed Elizabeth.

In an interval of calm, Nubbins, round-eyed, spoke. "Are you goin' to leave it outthide all night ?" she wanted to know, "In the wood-thyed ? Won't thomebody thteal it ?"

"Won't thomebody thteal it ? No fear ! Bless you, darling, I wish they would. But a bouquet like that would protect the Koh-i-noor in open market." Mary Millicent had been talking in strange tongues all evening.

Barney had been in retirement in a corner with a stubby pencil and the back of a treasured valentine of his mother's youth, which he had abstracted from the top-drawer of her bureau, himself unnoticed in the excitement.

"I'm a pote," he announced.

"Calamities never come singly,"

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HASTILY THE PASSENGERS TUMBLED ABOARD, HOLDING THEIR NOSES AGAINST THAT RIOTOUS SMELL

# The Radford-Street Expedition

## By Madge Macbeth

### Illustrated from Photographs

EDITOR'S NOTE—*This is the first detailed story of the expedition planned by Harry V. Radford, explorer and naturalist, and its disastrous termination. The explorer, accompanied by a half breed, an Indian and Thomas George Street, of Ottawa, left Fort Resolution on July 10th, 1911, intending to spend two years in the wilderness and cover about 3,000 miles of travel between the Mackenzie River and Hudson Bay.*

FOUR men sat in the cook shack of an exploration party at Smith's Landing. The month was June, and there was a strong hint of summer in the air. Another few weeks, and they would turn their backs on the northland and return to the east—to paved streets, white shirts, a glorious dinner of celebration, and the girls they left behind them.

"Street's a fool," said one of the men, taking his pipe from his mouth. "A big fool to take that trip, and that's the long and short of it."

"We've all told him that," agreed another, "and it seemed the last prod necessary for him to make up his mind. Maybe if we'd urged him to go, he'd have refused."

"The Boss says he won't let him off until his people in Ottawa consent," volunteered a man who had not yet spoken.

"Rot! What good'll that do? They won't know what going across the Barren Grounds to the Bay means."

"Well, all I know is that he's a fool to do it," said the first man, coming back to the starting point.

Perhaps they were right. The fate that overtook the two men who—the consent of Street's people having reached the northern post at last—departed into the wilderness that sunny June might prove it to the prophets of the cook shack. But we are all prone to scoff at what we do not understand. It may be that none of the men of the New Northwest Exploration Party comprehended what prompted Street to pass up that long-anticipated dinner of celebration and turn his face to the desolate Barren Grounds with Radford for another two years of hardship and loneliness; what perhaps, even in that last swift moment of the treacherous Eskimo's spear-thrust, made him willing to take the chances of the long trail and, the chance this time being against him, to die as a man should.

THOMAS GEORGE STREET, RADFORD'S COMPANION AND THE SHARER OF HIS FATE

George Street was born in Ottawa about twenty-five years ago. From the time he could walk, he showed the sporting spirit. He was always a lover of out of doors. He played a fine game of football, and excelled in many other out-of-door games. The spirit of adventure early evinced itself, and he was always keen to search out spots off the beaten track, lightly undertaking whatever hardship might be entailed.

When little more than a boy, he joined a Trans-continental Railway party working around Grand Lake and thereabouts. In that party he got his experience. His powerful physique and great strength made him somewhat remarkable among the older men, and his pride in these attributes gave them an excuse to impose on him. He has said himself that many times they tried to "break him," to tire him out under the heavy weight of tasks that work in such a country as this demands. Added to strength and power of endurance, he had a still greater gift—that of unquenchable grit. What another man would do, he would do; should he be loaded with a good and sufficient pack for a portage and find several small things remaining, George Street was the man to add those remaining pounds to his load and travel on; should he see a hardened old packer carrying a load of two hundred odd pounds, he would assume an equal burden—and get away with it through sheer grit. Further, he was always ready to help lighten the load of a newer or weaker comrade, remembering the days of his own apprenticeship when no one served him in such a christian way, but on the contrary, in his own phrase, "tried to play me out."

In appearance he was short—five foot six inches approximately, stocky and powerful. He had huge arms and legs, matching a large trunk. He was heavy—nearly two hundred pounds—without being clumsy; quick without being nervous, fair of complexion, and possessed of a grin that made acquaintances into friends. He had a reputation for being fearless without being foolhardy. Splendid canoeist though he was, if he had an unfamiliar rapid to run, he took the precaution to study his course before plunging into the water. He was not the man to avoid a fight, provided his antagonist was big enough, and

his companions on the party often had trouble in persuading him to use diplomacy instead of his fists. He had a sort of superstitious faith in his physical strength, secure in the belief that he could bull-dog anything through, as one of the party put it.

Returned from the Transcontinental work, Street joined the party of F. J. P. Crean in June, 1909, coming back to Ottawa the following December and going out again with a newly organized outfit—also under Mr. Crean—in April, 1910. He was a sort of general utility man, his previous experience making him good at anything, and he earned honorable mention in the reports which were sent back to the Department. The party arrived at Smith's Landing in August of the same year and some six months later to that place came H. V. Radford, searching a companion for his exploration trip, undertaken at the instigation of a New York syndicate, which was to occupy a period of two years and cover a distance, roughly speaking, of 3,000 miles.

For reasons best known to themselves, natives, half breeds and men of the north in general, could not be induced to go. Mr. Radford took note of Street and consulted Mr. Crean. Reluctantly Crean released the young fellow, insisting, however, that his relatives should be advised of the undertaking. It was known to be a hazardous trip, and that fact, coupled with the offer of a comparative large monthly stipend, was a lure too strong to resist. In July of 1911 the two set out.

The expedition proper began on July tenth, from Fort Resolution, and the story of it can best be told in Mr. Radford's own words:

"A half-breed and one Indian accompanied us as far as Artillery Lake, at the edge of the Barren Grounds. We had a heavy load of supplies for a two years' residence in the Barrens and the Arctic, since I could not be sure that the relief supplies which I had requested to be delivered at Chesterfield Inlet would reach their destination, although the Hudson Bay Company at the last moment had very generously promised to endeavor to carry them to that point in their steamer, and land them at the Inlet for me.

"At Artillery Lake, the half breed and Indian turned back. . . I managed to engage two Yellow-Knife Indians whom we found encamped on Artillery Lake to accompany us through Artillery and Clinton-Colden Lakes and down the Hanbury River as far as the junction of the Thelon River. Paying them in advance for this service, they took with them a very small birch-bark canoe which could only carry a fraction of our load; but the Indians were expected to be of much service in helping us across the numerous portages on the Hanbury."

This portion of the journey was rendered even more difficult than it would have been under ordinary circumstances, owing to the increasing sulkiness of the Indians and the fact that Mr. Radford's finger became poisoned

H. V. RADFORD IN HIS WINTER QUARTERS AT FORT SMITH, SHORTLY [illegible] HIS DEPARTURE FROM THE BARRENS. THE WOOD-BISON'S HEAD IS THAT OF THE LARGEST BEAST OF ITS KIND ON RECORD, [illegible] BY MR. RADFORD FOR USE OF THE LARGE MUSEUMS

through the handling of a quantity of arsenic intended for preparing zoological specimens. One night, about the middle of August, they deserted. There were three reasons why they could not be pursued and brought back—Mr. Radford was virtually a cripple, the poison having spread from his finger all through his arm, and he could not be left alone; the chance of overtaking the deserters was remote and it was essential to push on with all possible speed to reach Chesterfield Inlet before freeze-up. In Radford's words:

"The task before Mr. Street was now indeed monumental, for we were then at the beginning of a long series of dangerous rapids, and portages; and the river was so low—the season being already advanced—and the load in our canoe (about 1,300 pounds) so great, that the navigation of the rapids became exceedingly difficult. Yet, realizing that I was a helpless cripple and unable to render assistance either in the canoe or on the portages. . . Street resolutely expressed his willingness to undertake to navigate the canoe single-handed and to carry every pound of our outfit across the portages."

The afternoon of the same day upon which the Indians deserted, George Street actually did pack the whole outfit across the portage on which they were encamped.

"My wound steadily improved" (Street had skillfully opened and cared for it) "but for several days I could give but little assistance . . . How we escaped disaster in some of the rapids is a mystery to me! Mr. Street rose to every occasion and literally did the work of two men under the most trying conditions.

About the third of September we reached the head of Schultz Lake on the lower Thelon

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# Madness of the Moon

## By Josephine Daskam Bacon

*Author of "Margarita's Soul," "The Strange Cases of Dr. Stanchon," etc.*

Illustrated by B. J. Rosenmeyer

"I DON'T BELIEVE WE'RE HERE AT ALL," SHE WHISPERED. "LET'S GO ON."

THE village clock boomed out the first strokes of eleven. Solemn and mellow, the waves of sound flowed over the sleeping streets; the aftertones vibrated plaintively. Caroline stirred restlessly, tossing off the sheet and muttering in her dreams. The tears had dried on her hot cheeks; her brows were still knitted.

"Four! Five! Six!" the big bell tolled.

Caroline sat up in bed and dropped her bare, pink legs over the edge. Her eyes were open now, but set in a fixed, unseeing stare.

"Seven! Eight!"

She fumbled with her toes for her leather barefoot sandals and slipped her feet under the ankle straps.

"Nine! Ten!" moaned the bell.

She moved forward, vaguely, in the broad path of moonlight that poured through the wide-open window, and ran her hands like a blind girl over the warm sill, lifting her knee to its level.

"Eleven!"

Before the murmuring aftertones had lost themselves in the night, Caroline was out of the window. She stole lightly along the tin roof, warm yet with the first intense heat of June, dropped easily to the level of the kitchen-ell, and, slipping down upon the massive trunk of the old wistaria, fitted accustomed feet into its curled niches and clambered down among the warm, fragrant clusters. Steeped in the full moon, it sent out its cloying perfume like a visible cloud; her white nightgown glistened ghostlike through the leaves.

She paused a moment in the shadow of the vine, and a great tawny cat, his orange markings distinct in the moonlight, stole to her, brushing against her bare ankles caressingly. As he curled and uncurled his soft tail about her little feet, a sudden impulse caught her, and she started swiftly through the wide backyard, bending to a broken gap in the privet hedge, cutting diagonally across the neighboring grounds, and emerging into a pleasant country road on the outskirts of the little village, with sleeping houses sprinkled along its length, well back, mostly, from its edge, showing here and there a light.

She struck into the soft, dusty road at a quick, swinging pace, the fruit of much walking, and the big yellow cat pattered at her side.

The night was almost windless; sweet, nameless odors poured up from the heated summer soil; the shadows of the grasses were outlined like Japanese pictures on the white roadway. Except for the child and the cat, no living being moved, as far as the eye could see; only the burdocks and mulleins swayed almost imperceptibly with breezes so delicate that the leaf tips of the trees could not feel them.

A great white moth, blundering against a heavy thistle head, tumbled against Caroline's elbow and fluttered clumsily into her face. She started, blinked, drew a long breath, and woke with a frightened gasp. Before her stretched the pale, curving road; above her the spangled sky throbbed and glittered; the earth, drenched in moonlight, beautiful as all lovely creatures caught sleeping, breathed softly into her face and with every breath put courage into her heart.

She looked down and saw the yellow cat, stopping, with one lifted paw, his green, lamplike eyes fixed unwaveringly on hers.

"Why, it's you, Red Rufus!" she whispered, "when did we come here? I don't remember——"

A bat whirred by; the cat pricked his ears.

"I don't believe we're here at all, Red Rufus," she whispered again. "We're just dreaming—at least, I am. I s'pose you're only in my dream. If I was really here, I'd be frightened to death, prob'ly, but if it's just a dream, I think it's lovely. Let's go on. I never had a dream like this—it seems so real, doesn't it, Rufus?"

They went on aimlessly up the road. Quaint little night sounds began now to make themselves heard; now and then a drowsy twitter from the sleeping nests, now and then a distant owl hoot. A sudden gust of honey-suckle, so strong that it was like a friendly, fragrant body flung against her, halted her for a moment, and while she paused, sniffing ecstatically, the low murmur of voices caught her ear.

The honeysuckle ran riot over an old stone wall, followed an arching gateway at the foot of a winding path that led to a lighted house on a knoll above, and flung screening tendrils over an entwined pair that paused just inside the gate. The girl's white, loose sleeves fell back from her round arms as she flung them up about her tall lover's neck; his dark head bent low over hers, their lips met, and they hung entranced in the bowery archway.

For a moment Caroline watched them with frank curiosity. Then something woke and stirred in her, faint and vague, but alive now, and

she turned away her eyes, blushing hot in the cool moonlight.

The soft tones of their good night died into broken whispers; parted from his white lady, he started on for a few, irresolute steps, then flung about suddenly and walked back toward the house, after a low, happy protest. The cooing of some drowsy pigeons in the stable on the other side of the road carried on the lovers' language long after they were out of earshot, and confused itself with them in Caroline's mind.

She wandered on, intoxicated with the mild, spacious night, the dewy freedom of the fields, the delicious pressure of the warm, velvet air against her body. Red Rufus purred as he went, rejoicing with his vagabond comrade. Just how or when she began to know that she was not asleep, just why the knowledge did not alarm her, would be hard to say. But when the truth came to her, the friendly, powdered stars had been above her long enough to accustom her to their winking; the tiny, tentative noises of the night had sounded in her ears till they comforted and reassured her; the vast and empty field stretches meant only freedom and exhilaration. In a sudden delirium of joy she slipped between the bars of a rolling meadow and ran at full speed down its long, grassy slope, her nightgown streaming behind her, her slender, childish legs white as ivory against the greenish-black all around her. Beside her bounded the great cat with shining, gemlike eyes. They rolled down the last reaches of the slope, and all the Milky Way wondered at them, but never a sound broke the solemn quiet of the night: the ecstasy was noiseless.

Her face buried in sweet clover, she panted, prone on the grass.

"Let's go right on, Rufus, and run away, and do just as we please!" she whispered to the nestling cat. "If I can't do like the boys do, I don't want to stay home—the fellows laugh at me! I'd rather be whipped than sent to bed like a girl. I *won't* be a young lady—I *won't*!"

Rufus purred approvingly.

"If I only had some trousers!" she mourned softly; "a boy can do *anything*!"

Across the quiet night there cut a thin, shrill cry; a little, fretful pipe that brought instantly before the mind some hushed, white room with a shaded light and a tiny basket bed. Caroline sat up and stared about her; such cries did not come from open fields. Hardly a stone's throw from her there was a small knoll, and behind it what might have been a large, projecting boulder suddenly flashed into red light and showed itself for a dormer window; a cottage had evidently hidden behind the little hill. Curiously Caroline approached it and walked softly up the knoll.

Almost on the top she paused and peered into the unshaded window. These householders had no fear of peeping neighbors, for only the moon and the night moths found them out, and the simple bedroom was framed like some old naive interior, realistic with the tremendous realism of the Great Artist.

The high, old-fashioned footboard of the bed faced the dormer window, and Caroline could see only the upper portion of the woman's figure as she leaned over a small crib beside her, her heavy dark hair falling across her cheek, and lifted up with careful slowness the tiny creature that wailed in it. Beside her, as he supported himself anxiously on his elbow, the broad chest and shoulders of her young husband rose above the screening foot-board. The mother gazed hungrily at the doll-like, writhing object, passed her hand over its downy forehead, smiled with relief into its opening eyes, and gave it her breast.

Instantly the wail ceased. A slow, placid smile—and yet, not quite a smile; it was rather an elemental content, a gratified drifting into the warm current of the stream of this world's being—spread over the woman's face; the man's long arm wrapped around his wealth, at once protecting and defiant; his head flung back against the world, while his eyes studied humbly the mystery that he grasped. The night lamp behind them threw a halo around the mother and her child, and the great trinity of all times and all faiths gleamed immortal upon the canvas of the simple room—its only spectator a child.

CAROLINE BOWED GRAVELY TO RED RUFUS, AND, SEIZING HIS FEATHERY PAWS, DANCED AROUND THE TINKLING GREENISH FOUNTAIN

In her, malleable to all the influences of the revealing night, fairly disembodied, in her detached and flitting memories of an infancy that stirred and pained her even as it left her forever, and frightened longing for the motherhood that life was holding for her. No longer an infant, not yet a woman, this creature that was both felt the helplessness of one, the yearning of the other, and as she pressed the nestling cat tightly to her little breast two great, eager tears slipped down her hot cheeks, and a gulping sob, half loneliness, half pure excitement, broke into the gentle stillness of the lighted room.

"Who's there ?"

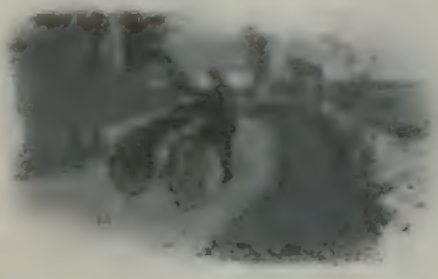
The man's voice rang like a sudden pistol shot in the night; before Caroline's fascinated gaze the gleaming, softly colored picture faded and vanished into the engulfing darkness, as the lamp went out and a dark, scudding mackerel cloud flew over the moon. Instinctively she fled softly down the knoll, instinctively she dropped behind a bush at the bottom. She heard the rattle of the window pane as the man pushed himself half out of the window; she heard him call back to the waiting room behind him ;

"It's a cat, dear—I saw it plain. It's pretty bright out here. But I thought I saw something white beside it too. I guess I'll take a look around outside."

There was a sound of movement behind the window, and, caught in an ecstasy of terror, Caroline turned at right angles from the fields and ran to the road that gleamed white, far on the other side of the cottage. Panting, she won it, crossed it, and, fairly safe behind the low growth of wayside bushes that fringed its other side, she dashed along, farther and farther from the cottage, more and more frightened with every gasping breath.

On and on she flew, light as a skimming leaf in the wind, the cat bounding in easy, flexible curves beside her. Now a little brown cottage in its plot of land sent them into the road for a moment; now some tiny pond, a mirror for the sprinkled heavens, broke into their course, and they skirted it more slowly, peering curiously into its jeweled depths. With them their hurrying shadows, black on the road, fainter on the grass, fled ceaselessly, hardly more quiet than they. A very intoxication of fear, a panic terror almost delicious drove Caroline through the night, though after a while she ran more slowly. Utterly ignorant of where she was, reckless of where she might go, she swung along under the streaming moon, no white moth or whispering leaf more wholly a part of the night than she.

Whatever idea of going back she might have had was lost long ago; however little she might have meant to range so far, she was now beyond any turning. No wood creature, no skipping faun or startled dryad dancing under the moon could have belonged more utterly than she to the fragrant, mysterious world around her. The bright, bustling life of every day, its clatter of food and drink, its smarts and fatigues, its settled routine of work and play, all seemed as far behind her as some old tale of another life, half forgotten now.



"TELL HER PETER BROUGHT YOU BACK," HE SAID. "JUST PETER. GET UP, JENNY."

Just as her pace subsided into a little skipping trot, a thick hedge sprang up across their path, driving them into the road, and continued, stiff and tall, along its edge. The pure pleasure of conquering its prickly stiffness sent Caroline through it, tearing one sleeve from her nightgown and dragging a great rent in one side of it. Emerging into a magnificent sweep of clipped turf, where wide, leafy boughs spread dappled moon shadows, they made for a whispering, clucking fountain that threw a diamond column straight toward the stars, only to break at the top into a beaded mist and clink musically back to its marble basin. Its rhythmic tinkle, the four ball-shaped box trees at either corner, the carved whiteness of the marble basin, and the massive, pillar-fronted stone house beyond it; all spread a glamour of fairyland and foreign courts. Caroline bowed gravely to the cat, and, seizing his feathery paws, danced, bowing and posturing, in a bewitched abandon around the tinkling, glistening fountain. The plumy tail of Red Rufus flew behind him as he twirled, his little feet pattered furiously after Caroline's twinkling sandals. Stooping over the fountain, she threw a silvery handful high in the air and ran to catch it on her head.

As she stood at last, panting and dazed with her mad circling, she was aware of the low murmur of a voice, rising and falling in a steady measure, reaching out of the dim bulk of the great house, dark and sunk in sleep before her. For a moment a chill fear struck to the bottom of her little heart; was some weird spell aimed at her, some malignant eye spying on her ? She stood frozen to the spot, the tiny drops of sweat cooling on her forehead, while the droning sounded in her ears. Then, out of the very core of her terror, some inexplicable impulse urged her on to face it, and she crept, step by step, the cat tight in her nervous grasp, around the corner of the great house, toward the sound.

This corner was a wing, set at right angles to the main building, and as she rounded it she found herself at the edge of an inner court. In the opposite wing, looking straight across the court, was a lighted room with a long French window opening directly on the shaven turf, and in the center of this window there sat in a high, carved chair a very old woman. She was carefully dressed in deep black, with pure white ruffles at her neck and around her shrunken wrists, and a lace cap on her thin, white hair. Her feet were on a carved footstool, and a quaint silver lamp, set on a slender table at her side, threw a stream of light across the court. Her face, lined with countless wrinkles, was bent upon a large book in her lap; from its pages she read in a low, steady voice—the passionless, almost terrifying voice of great and weary age.

"*Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations.*

"*Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting thou art God.*"

Caroline stared, fascinated, down the path of lamplight. It marked a bed of yellow tulips with a broad band; they stood motionless, as if carved in ivory.

"*For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.*"

The grave, steady voice flowed out and mingled with the silver lamplight the marble sill of the long window was; white like the sill of a tomb.

"*We spend our years as a tale that is told.*

"*The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.*"

The hot excitement of this magic night cooled slowly; over Caroline's bubbling spirit there fell a mild, strange calm. A breath from the very caverns of the infinite stole out along the path of that silver lamp, and in the grave, surrendered voice there sounded for the child upon life's threshold echoes of the final tolling.

Entranced by the measured cadence, Caroline stepped forward unconsciously and stood, white against the gray stone, full in the path of the lamp. The heavy, wrinkled lids raised themselves from the deep-set eyes, and the aged reader gazed calmly at the little

figure across the court. The withered old hands clasped each other.

"Jemmy! O *Jemmy*!"

Caroline never moved.

"It *is* you, Jemmy!"

The faded eyes devoured the little white figure.

"I thought you'd never come, Jemmy—but I knew they'd send you. I'm all ready. Don't you think I'm afraid, Jemmy; I'm eighty-four years old, and I want to go."

Caroline hardly breathed: a nameless awe held her motionless and silent.

"You see, I don't sleep much any more, Jemmy," the old, toneless voice went on, "and hardly any at night. They're very kind, all of them, but I'm —I'm eighty-four years old, and I want to go."

The ivory tulips gleamed under the stars; the silver lamp burned lower and lower; its oil was nearly gone.

"And you brought your yellow kitty, too, Jemmy! To think of that! Did they think I wouldn't know my baby? It's only fifty years . . . shall I come now, Jemmy?"

The silver lamp went out. In the starlight Caroline saw the lace cap droop forward, as the old woman's head settled gently on her breast. Her hands lay clasped on the great volume; her deep-set eyes were closed. She read no more from the book, and the child, awed and sober, stole like a shadow behind the gray wall and left the quiet figure in the carved chair.

Her feet fell into a tiny graveled path, and she drifted aimlessly along it, musing on the meaning of what she had heard. Almost she had persuaded herself that the gray stone building was an enchanted palace, and herself a fairy messenger sent to break the spell, when the delight of pushing through a tiny turnstile and finding a running brook with a waterfall in it close at hand drove everything else from her mind. The grounds had completely changed their character by now; the turnstile marked the end of cultivation, and the little path, no longer graveled, wound through the wild woodland. Here and there a boulder blocked the way; the undergrowth became dense; great clumps of fern and rhododendron sent out their heavy, rank odors. Now and again the spicy scent of warm pines and cedars prepared the ear for the gentle, ceaseless rustle of their stiff foliage; little scufflings and chitterings at the ground level told of wood-people wakened by the presence of Red Rufus.

A strange whitish bulk that glimmered through the thinning foreground, too big for even a big boulder, too symmetrical and quiet for a waterfall, tempted Caroline on, and she pressed forward hastily, lost in speculation, when a sudden odor foreign to the woods stopped her short at the very edge of a little glade, and she paused, sniffing curiously.

A man, bareheaded, with grizzled curly hair, turned suddenly, not ten feet from her, and stared dumfounded at her, his twisted, brown cigar an inch from his lips.

The torn-out sleeve of her nightgown had bared one side of her waist; the great rent that slit the lower half of the garment left one slender leg uncovered above her white knee. A spray of wild azalea wreathed her dark, tumbled hair, and Rufus, his plumy tail curled around her feet in the shadow, and his green eyes flaming, might have been a baby panther. She leaned one hand on the rough bark of a chestnut and gazed with startled eyes at the man; it seemed that the forest must swallow her at a breath from a human throat.

He lifted one hand and pinched the back of the other with it till his face contorted with the pain.

"Then there *are* such things!" he said, softly; "well, why not?"

He moved forward almost imperceptibly. "If I were younger, I should know you were not possible," he muttered, "but now I know that I have never doubted you—really."

Again he took a small step. Caroline, paralyzed with fear and embarrassment, for she thought he was merely teasing her a little before he punished her—his pleasant, low voice and whimsical manners brought her back suddenly to the ordinary world and the stern facts of her escapade—

"DID THEY THINK I WOULDN'T KNOW MY BABY?" SAID THE OLD VOICE. "IT'S ONLY FIFTY YEARS. . . . SHALL I COME NOW, JEMMY?

shivered slightly, but did not attempt flight.

"It was this extraordinary night that brought you out, of course," he went on, again slightly shortening the distance between them, "you and the little cub. It was a moon out of five thousand, I admit. Do you live in that chestnut ?"

With a sudden agile bound he covered the space between them and seized her by the shoulder.

"Aha !" he cried, "I have—good heavens, it *is* a child !"

"Of course I am—I'm Caroline," she murmured, writhing under his grasp.

He pulled her out into the little glade.

"Oh ! you're Caroline, are you ?" he repeated, thoughtfully; "dear me, you gave me quite a turn, Caroline. Where did you come from—the big house ?"

"I came from a long way," she said briefly. "I was—I was taking a walk. Where do you live ? Don't you ever go to bed ?"

The man chuckled.

"I have been feeling adventures in my bones all day," he said, "and here they are—a child and a cat. If you will come with me, Mademoiselle, I will show you where I live."

He led the way gravely to the dim, white object, and Caroline perceived it to be a tent, pitched by the side of a spring that poured through a tiny pipe set into the rock. The tent flap was tied back, and she saw inside it a narrow cot, covered with a coarse blue blanket, a roughly made table spread with a game of *solitaire*, and a small leather trunk. On the further side of the tent there smoked, in a rude, improvised oven of stones, a dying fire. Above it, under a shelf nailed to the tree, hung a few simple utensils; two or three large stumps had been hacked into the semblance of seats.

To one of these stumps the man led Caroline, and, seating her, he turned to the shelf above the fire and fumbled among the pots and pans there, producing finally a buttered roll, a piece of maple sugar, and a small fruit tart.

"You must be hungry," he said simply, and Caroline ate greedily. After he had brought her a tin cup of the spring water, he selected a brown pipe from a half dozen on the shelf and began filling it from a leather pouch that hung on the tree.

"Now let's hear all about it," he said easily.

"I am running away," said Caroline abruptly. At that moment it really seemed that she had planned her flight from the hour that left her, tear-stained and disgraced, in her little bed.

"They didn't treat you well ?" he suggested, picking out a red ember from the coals on the point of a knife and applying it to the pipe.

"I'm not to wear my knickers any more," Caroline said, with a gulp, "and my bathing suit has to have a skirt. I've got to stop p-playing with the b-boys—so much, that is," she added, honestly.

The man turned his head slightly.

"That seems hard," he said; "what's the reason ?"

"I'm 'most twelve," said Caroline; "you have to be a young lady, then."

"I see," the man said. He looked at her thoughtfully. "I suppose you *would* look larger in more clothes," he added.

"That's it," she assured him, "I do. That's just it."

"And so you expect to avoid all this by running away ?" he asked, settling into his own stump seat. "I'm afraid you can't do it."

Caroline set her teeth. He regarded her quizzically.

"See here," he went on, "I wish you'd take my advice in this matter."

They confronted each other in the starlight, a strange pair before the dying fire. The moon had gone, and the stars, though bright, seemed less solid and less certainly gold than before. A cool breeze swept through the wood and Caroline shivered in her torn night-dress. The man stepped into the tent and returned with a long army cloak. This he wrapped round her and removed to his seat, with Rufus on his knee.

"My name," he said, "is Peter. Everybody calls me that—just Peter. I don't know exactly why it is, but a lot of people—all over—have got into the way of taking my advice. Perhaps because I've knocked about all over the world more or less, and haven't got any wife or children or brothers and sisters of my own to advise, so I take it out on everybody else. Perhaps because I try to put myself in the other fellow's place before I advise him. Perhaps because I've had a little trouble of my own, here and there, and haven't forgotten it. Anyhow, I get used to talking things over."

A gentle stirring seemed to pass through the woods; the birds spoke softly back and forth, a squirrel chattered. Again that cool wind swept over the trees.

"Now, take it this week," the man went on, puffing steadily; "you wouldn't believe the people just about here who've asked for my advice. I usually camp up here for a week or so in the summer—the people who own the property like to have me here—and the first day I unpacked up comes a nice girl—I used to make birch whistles for her mother—to tell me all about her young man. She brought me that spray of honeysuckle over the pipes—grows over the front gate. She wants to marry him before her father gets to like him, but she hates to run away. "Would you advise me to, Peter ?" she says. And I advised her to wait.

"Then there's my friend the blacksmith. He lives in a queer little house with dormer windows under a hill, just off the county road. He's got a new baby, and he was afraid it wouldn't pull through. He knew I'd seen a lot of babies—black and red and yellow—and *he* wanted my advice. 'Peter, what'll I do ?' he says, 'what'll I do ?'

" 'Why, just wait, Harvey. He'll live. Just wait,' I told him."

Caroline listened with interest. He might have been talking to his equal in years, from his tone.

"Then, oddly enough," he continued, "here's my old friend in the big house up yonder—and she *is* old—and what do you think she's worried about ? She's afraid she *won't* die ! 'Oh, Peter,' she says to me—she's fond of me because I'm the same age of a little boy of hers that died—'it seems to me that I can't wait, Peter ! What shall I do ?' she says. And I tell *her* to wait. 'Dear old friend,' said I to her last night, 'it will come. It's bound to come. Just be patient.' "

He paused and knocked his pipe empty.

"Now, as to your case," he said, "I know how you feel. I'm sorry for you—by the Lord, I'm sorry for you ! But what's the use of running away ? You'll keep on growing up, you know. It's one of the things that doesn't stop. You can't beat the game by wearing knickers, you know. And then, there'd come a time when you'd want to quit, anyhow."

She shook her head.

"Really, you would," he assured her, persuasively. "They all do."

"That's what Uncle Joe says," she admitted, "and Aunt Edith. She changed her mind, she says——"

"Are you talking about Joe Holt ?" Peter demanded.

"Yes—do you know him ? He lives in a big white house with wistaria on the side," Caroline cried, joyfully.

"I was a senior when he was a freshman," said Peter. "Then he's taken the Washburn house."

"Do you know Aunt Edith, too ?" asked Caroline.

"Yes," said Peter, after a pause, "yes, I know Aunt Edith—or used to. But I didn't know she—they were up in this country. I haven't seen her—them for a good while. Does—does she sing yet ?"

"Oh, yes, but not on the stage any more, you know," Caroline explained.

"I see. Does she sing, I wonder, a song about—Oh, something about 'my heart' ?"

" 'My heart's own heart,' you mean," Caroline said, importantly; "yes, indeed. It's her encore song."

"I see," said Peter again.

He looked into the fire, and there was a long silence. After a while he shook his shoulders like a water-dog.

"Now, Caroline," he said briskly, "here's the way of this business. You can't wear knickers until you're one of the boys, and you can't be one of the boys until you wear knickers. Do you see? So you don't get anywhere."

Caroline looked puzzled. She was suddenly overcome with sleep, and the old familiar names and ways tasted of home and comfort to her soul.

"You're too nice to be a boy, Caroline," said Peter, leaning over her and brushing her azalea-crowned hair tenderly with his lips. "If you persist in this plan of running away to be a boy, some boy, growing up anxiously, somewhere, will never forgive you! Take my advice, and wait—will you? Say 'Yes, Peter.'"

"Yes, Peter," Caroline murmured, drowsily

"Good girl! Then I'll take you home with my little donkey. I don't believe they've missed you yet You have come four miles, though, you little gypsy!"

He disappeared behind the trees, and Caroline nodded. Later she woke sufficiently to find herself and Rufus on the blue blanket on the bottom of a little donkey cart; Peter stood by the gentle, long-eared head.

"Thank you, Peter," she murmured, half asleep, "and you'll see Aunt Edith, won't you?"

"I don't believe so," he said, very low. "Not yet. Tell her Peter brought you back. Just Peter. But he can't come yet. Get up, Jenny!"

They wound out by an old wood road. A cool spiciness flowed through the green aisles, and as the tiny donkey struck into a dog trot, the man striding easily at her head, a faraway cock crowed shrilly and the dawn gleamed white.

# McGonnigal

## By Frederick William Wallace

### Part II.—Spring o' the Year.

*Continued from October.*

IN the shantys, a man is asked but few questions as to how he came to be there, and McGonnigal merely passed the fact that he had deserted from a ship in Quebec. From early morning to dusk he labored as "odd job" man, sharpening saws and axes, leading teams in the rollways, breaking out and hauling logs in the bush, and in a variety of ways where agility and muscular strength are called into requisition. With the foreman he became a great favorite owing to his willingness to work, and among the men he was popular when he showed that he was not a camp "bully."

Around the blazing stove at nights, when the logs of the building cracked with the frost, they listened and laughed at his yarns of the sea and foreign ports and when he trolled out the burden of the old deepwater hauling choruses, the gang would chantey the refrains with thundering gusto. Saturday nights were riotous with all hands shouting and singing, step dancing and wrestling, while the silences of the forest were ruddy awakened by bawling of iron lunged men and the melodious notes of mouth organ and fiddle. The inevitable jar of *whiskey blanc* would circle merrily, slaking thirsty throats and creating a jovial *bonhomie* among these rough hard bitten men.

It was a great winter, and McGonnigal loved the life. The hard work was play to him, after years of knocking about the Seven Seas, and the warmth and cheeriness of the bunkhouse appealed to him, as no "lime juicer's" foc'sle ever did.

A sailor has a strange love for the

woods and the greenery of the fields. On his watery home, he hungers for the pastoral and the rustic, and the smell of new mown or fresh plowed earth creates in him a strange longing to break for the soil. For a space, it was so with McGonnigal, but somehow or other, when the sun hauled to the nor'ard in his diurnal traverse, the McGonnigal soul sighed for the sight of blue water and the feel of a ship's deck again. The rustic life hardly seemed to satisfy, and when he heaved at a big stick with a cant hook, he often wished he was stamping around with a capstan bar in his fist, and a foretopsail loosed above him.

As the days passed, the sun's rays caused the snow to trickle from the pine branches, and sun blackened men hung wet socks and soggy moccasins to dry at the camp stove o' nights. The winter's cut of logs were nearly all hauled out to the banks or on the ice of the small tributary branching off from the St. Anne, and the gang were talking of the drives and the town again.

Before the opening of the dam and the disgorging of the winter's cut to the big river, McGraw took the sailor aside one night.

"Red," said he. "I guess ye've heard o' Morton's camp on the other side o' th' Sant' Anne yonder?"

McGonnigal nodded. "What about it, sorr?"

"Well, I hev a little scheme in mind that I wanter work on them. They've got a big French bully over there who thinks he's boss o' th' Sant' Anne River, an' ef he drives his cut down afore me, there's no workin' with him. He's full o'dirty tricks, an' him an' me don't pull on th' same whiffletree, so I wanter fix him good this time. He's big, tough an' ugly, an' a perfect devil ter scrap, but he's too much fur me ter tackl-,——"

"Is it Bully McShanty ye're talkin' about?" interrupted the sailor.

"Aye, that's th' man," continued McGraw. "Now th' Morton people have a creek runnin' thro' their limit which opens inter th' St. Anne a little lower down than ours, an' as soon as the ice goes, Bully Mechante is goin' t'r work like th' devil ter drive his logs down ahead o' us. Of course it's an even chanst for th' two of us, but I'm blamed if I'm goin' ter foller that big brute down this spring. I'm goin' ter be first, or I'll know th' reason why. What I want ye ter do, Red, is ter go

Continued on page 57.

# The Yankee Bar On Canadian Soil

By Ernest Cawcroft

Illustrated from Photographs

LORD CHANCELLOR RICHARD BURTON HALDANE AND HIS SISTER ARRIVING AT MONTREAL

THE event of September was the meeting of the American Bar Association at Montreal. This organization is unique in itself, but its recent convention attracted the attention, no less than developed the keen interest, of lay and professional circles. England has associations of barristers in given cities, and organizations of solicitors in certain sections, but the advocates of England have no general society which is representative of the profession throughout the United Kingdom. The Provinces of Canada have their several legal associations, but the Dominion has no united body in which the profession in general may seek membership. In voting, therefore, to hold a general convention of the lawyers of the United States in the Metropolis of French Quebec, the American Bar Association indulged in an experiment vouchsafed to it alone; and one which because of its conceded successs is destined to affect the policies of the nations there represented.

The visitor to Montreal observed at the outset that more distinguished men were there gathered than in any previous assemblage on the continent of North America. And, indeed, the observer realized that what was designed to be a convention of lawyers had in fact resolved itself into an Anglo Saxon Peace Conference.

It implied breadth of vision upon the part of the American Bar Association to decide to convene on Canadian soil. This was the first instance in the history of the Dominion in which a Yankee organization of national scope held its convention on Canadian territory But while the American brethren are entitled to credit for initiating an Anglo-Saxon peace conference in the guise of a professional convention, the bars of Canada, England and France are worthy of praise for the able and hospitable spirit in which their members joined in grasping the possibilities of this assembly, and in making of it not only a successful professional conference, but something more as a force in the relations of three nations.

Now there have been conventions of the American Bar Association before and there will be similar gatherings again. In the past, as surely in the future, the resolutions of this body as to relations of the law to questions of public policy have received the consideration of the people of America; but the deliberations of this association on Canadian soil, were for the first time brought to the attention of the world through being made the subject of discussion by the international press.

The giving of an international aspect to this convention may be attributed to three or four features of the gathering, each of which should—but cannot—receive more than a paragraph of consideration.

In the first place, the Bar Association by going to Montreal expressed the view of the American people that Canada is a member of the family of nations and that a marked difference of opinion about reciprocity trade treaties cannot mar the relations of the two peoples; secondly, the acceptance of an invitation by the Lord Chancellor, and the making of his presence the occasion of an international message, evidenced a newer conception of the relationship of an English minister of State to the dominions beyond the seas; and thirdly, but not inclusively, the convention attracted a larger number of men who, being more than lawyers, have played and are taking a distinctive part in shaping the judicial economic and political policies of the nations on each side of the international line

But an American lawyer must admit that this convention of the Bar Association without the Lord Chancellor would have been nothing more, or less, than such a convention. It was the desire for his presence which was a factor in taking the convention to Montreal; and it was the fact of his presence which got the deliberations of the convention into the international prints.

It may, indeed, be an easy matter to get the Lord Chancellor into office,—although English barristers do not fight shy of this tenure at fifty thousand dollars a year; his term ends by death or decapitation, which in the past has not been so difficult; but it has not been in the past and it is not now, an easy thing to get the Lord

Chancellor out of the United Kingdom Lord Chancellors seem to like old England, and moreover, they feel safer in the presence of the Great Seal.

The Great Seal -and many lesser ones—comes down to us from the days when even the learned, those high in authority, did not write, and when the affixing of the Seal was essential to the validity of official acts and instruments The manner of appointing successive Lord Chancellors is indicative of the meaning of the Great Seal in the history and official life of England. Many great and small office holders are appointed by Letters Patent, or by certificates of authority as in this country

But in the appointment of a Lord Chancellor the King signs no Letters Patent,—he simply delivers the Great Seal as the Lord Chancellor-elect kneels before him in the presence of the Privy Council. The possessor of the Great Seal has access to the Sovereign on terms of equality almost with the Archbishop of Canterbury as the hereditary spiritual adviser of the English Sovereign

The Great Seal cannot be taken out of the United Kingdom: and thus in the past, successive Lord Chancellors have had a variety of personal and public reasons for not separating themselves from the Great Seal. These reasons cumulated into a precedent and precedent is no light thing in the law and life of England. It is true that James II. threw it into the Thames, but that was the act of the king and not his chancellor: Cardinal Wolsey wanted to keep the Seal and desired to go to France and for doing both at the same time was subjected to impeachment. Lord Brougham, chancellor to George the Fourth, sometimes forgot the Great Seal when making the round of the great country houses but that was in the days when no gentleman remained sober after sunset It was under the pressure of these precedents that President Kellogg, of the American Bar Association went to London to invite the Lord Chancellor to attend the convention in the United States—and succeeded in getting his Lordship to attend in His Majesty's French Province of Quebec

But sons of the Mother Country on both sides of the international line will be glad to learn that the Lord Chancellor did not depart without due deliberation from the United Kingdom and not until the Great Seal had as many guardians appointed as care for a an infant monarch

The London Gazette, which is the official circular of the English Court, recently contained this quaint sixteenth-century announcement under a twentieth-century date line -

"Crown Office, August 7, 1913. The King has been pleased by Letters Patent under the Great Seal, bearing date the 25th day of July, 1913, to appoint

The Right Hon. John Viscount Morley of Blackburn, Lord President of the Council, the Right Hon. William Earl Beauchamp, First Commissioner of Works, etc., and the Right Hon. Sir Herbert Hardinge Cozens Hardy, Master of the Rolls, to be Commissioners for the care and custody of the Great Seal of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland during the absence of the Right Hon. Richard Burdon Viscount Haldane, K.T., Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain, from the United Kingdom."

And thus the Lord Chancellor got started for North America, with his own and the King's conscience in good condition

His Lordship was the central figure in a series of international paradoxes from the moment of his arrival. He was greeted with marked applause as he came upon the platform at the opening session of the convention, and took a seat between Premier Borden and Ex-President Taft. An attempt at reciprocity helped one in and the other out of public office. Premier Borden welcomed Haldane and the Bar Association to the Dominion: and he did it with such delicacy of taste that every one seemed to forget that they were celebrating Commodore Perry and the war of 1812 over in Buffalo, and the facts seemed to have

PRESIDENT KELLOGG, OF THE AMERICAN BAR ASSOCIATION

EX-PRESIDENT WILLIAM H. TAFT, A NOTABLE FIGURE AT THE BAR ASSOCIATION MEETING

steeped into the minds of those present that while Canada and the United States could not get together on reciprocity while the United States and England cannot strike a bargain as to Panama Canal tolls: and though the naval contribution of the Borden Government to the Mother Country has consisted of marine speeches and deep-sea editorials,—the world to-day recognized the two concrete facts that no fortress guards the three thousand mile line between the Republic and the Dominion; that war between the three nations is an impossibility and that if the American and English marines ever smell each other's powder, it will be when the two fleets go into action under one commander in an effort to maintain the supremacy of the white race.

But the paradoxes did not end at the first session. There were a few at the Monday afternoon session, which was devoted to Lord Haldane. It was fitting that the highest judicial officer of the United States,—Chief Justice White.—should be presented to introduce the supreme judicial officer of Great Britain.—Lord Chancellor Richard Burton Haldane. We wondered as the suave Chief Justice welcomed the Chancellor if it occurred to him and to those present, that this

jurist who began his career in Louisiana,—which as a former French colony impressed its code on that state as a system of common law,—was indulging in an international novelty in their presenting an Ex-Minister of War in His Majesty's French Province of Quebec, where the same system of jurisprudence has left its imprint. How better to signalize the cordial relations of three ancient enemies?

But the Lord Chancellor is a man of vision. He showed it in the anticipations of his address. He presented a prepared speech which fitted into these novel and paradoxical features of what proved to be an international occasion. Those who knew of Haldane as a scholar among scholars would have been pleased to hear him discuss the historical evolution of the law; those who were familiar with his career as an English practitioner and minister-of-war would have been glad to hear him speak upon the concrete problems of modern legal administration; but both were gratified that he chose to depart from a mere professional lecture; that as a catholic minded cosmopolitan he chose the subject, "Higher Nationality," and that he made of his address an international message of good will by authority of his Sovereign, whose words he read as follows:—

"I have given my Lord Chancellor permission to cross the seas, so that he may address the meeting at Montreal. I have asked him to convey from me to that great meeting of the lawyers of the United States and of Canada my best wishes for its success. I entertain the hope that the deliberations of the distinguished men of both countries who are to assemble at Montreal may add yet further to the esteem and good-will which the people of the United States and of Canada and the United Kingdom have for each other.

It is needless to detail the text of the address here because that is not the purpose of this article and in any event the words of the Lord Chancellor were given as wide international publication in the first instance as is usually given to an important encyclical by the Holy See. It suffices to say by way of commendation that if the Carnegie Peace Foundation will arrange for the rereading of this address throughout America, it will do much to propagate that conception of international ethics without which the Peace of God, that peace not based on fear, is finally impossible.

The scene at McGill University the same afternoon was not less interesting than the one at the Princess Theatre. The decision of the University Council to confer degrees upon representative.

Continued on page 45.

# The Manor Inn

## By Margaret G. MacWhirter

### Decorations by Donald MacGregor

"IT'S a letter from Tom," said Ellen Winchester, turning to her mother with an open letter in her hand.

"And he wants me to go to him. He says his regiment is likely to be stationed in M—— for a while, and he thinks I had better join him."

"How can you go, Ellen? You have no money for the stage, and it's a long walk, my girl."

"I know mother, but I'm young and strong, and have enough saved to buy my bite and sup along the road. It's eight long months since we've been parted, mother."

"Belikes you're lonesome, lass; a soldier's wife is often that. Be thankful there's a little rest from the war. Well, well, my girl, you must just please yourself. If Tom bids you go, and you're willing to obey him, I've nothing to say; however much I'll miss you, I'll not bid ye stay; no doubt he's longing for a sight of your bonnie face, my lass."

Ellen threw her arms around the elder woman's neck, holding her in a tight embrace, while tears gathered in her eyes as she received her mother's kiss.

A few days later Ellen Winchester set off on her long walk of two hundred miles to join her husband whose regiment was stationed about that

THE MANOR INN WAS AN EXCELLENT STOPPING PLACE

distance from her home which was in the west of England.

The time was about the beginning of the last century, when the mode of travel was vastly different to that of the present day.

With a small bundle in her hand, her carefully hoarded money in her pocket, and stout shoes upon her feet, she set off. Her heart felt heavy at the parting with her mother, and she dreaded the long lonely journey through a strange country, yet as she had already said, she was young and strong; she was brave too, as became the wife of a soldier, and her heart was filled with love for her handsome husband who was now a corporal; so with as bright a face as she could present she bade the dear home people good-bye, and set her face to the journey.

Calling at the farm-houses along her way she was invariably treated with kindness and consideration, for England dearly loves a soldier, and this brave, bonnie soldier's wife with her shy, modest ways won all hearts. Often she was given a lift over weary miles in a farmer's cart, or market-wagon. Thus day followed day till the journey was more than half done.

One evening she reached the Manor Inn, a larger and more imposing hostelry than any she had hitherto seen. In other days it had been a mansion of considerable size and magnificence, as evidenced by the number of buildings and out-houses. The eastern side of the old mansion had been converted into an inn. A long wing with upper and lower chambers extended beyond and behind the front of the main house, forming a division known as an L, and affording accommodation for the many travellers who called here, journeying back and forth

from north to south, and also across country, for the Manor Inn, situated near the cross-roads, was a convenient stopping place.

Tired out, Ellen Winchester requested admittance from the landlord, which was granted after a moment's hesitation, and she was brought into the large parlor, where seated in a huge arm-chair she met the one other guest, a big, burly, good-natured north country drover, returning from a journey to the south. The landlady, bustling around, soon had a good supper placed before the travellers. Ellen ate heartily of the bacon, bread and home-made cheese, with which the table was bountifully supplied. Soon after, pleading fatigue, she went to rest.

The old dame conducted her guest to an upper chamber in the front corner of the main house, remarking as she placed the candle on the table:

"I hope you're a good sleeper, for folks arrive here at all hours, but you needn't be alarmed; there's nobody'll harm you."

"I'm sure to sleep well, I'm so tired," Ellen answered pleasantly.

In fact she was almost falling asleep while she waited for the landlady to depart, ere undressing.

"Good-night, and thank you kindly," she said as the old woman at last went away.

Ellen was asleep almost as soon as her head touched the pillow. How long she slept she did not know, but suddenly she was awakened by a scream of agony, which rang through the silent house, followed almost immediately by the sound of a heavy body falling—then silence.

Shaking with terror, Ellen crept out of bed, and stole to the door of her room, which was unlocked, as she had been unable to find the key when retiring. She opened it very, very quietly; the long passage was dark and

WHEN SHE AWOKE SHE SAW BY THE BRIGHT LIGHT OF DAY

silent as the grave. A shudder ran through her frame. Was it all a horrible night-mare brought on by the heavy supper she had eaten?

Closing the door softly she stole to the window and looked out. The night was clear; the sky studded with stars. Everything was still.

Ellen noticed that a light burned in one of the upper chambers of the long wing, into which she could see without difficulty. Two lighted candles placed upon a table revealed the apartment, which appeared to be in a state of disorder; the clothes had been thrown from the bed, and an upturned chair lay upon the floor. With her hands tightly pressed to still the wild beating of her heart, Ellen continued to gaze into the room. Presently a look of horror came into her eyes, but fascinated with terror she gazed steadfastly at the scene before her. Across her vision passed the figures of the landlord and his wife, dragging with difficulty the body of a man across the floor. Reaching the opposite side of the room they paused. Ellen saw the man rub his hand across the wall, as though searching for something. A door flew open, and towards this entrance the man and woman pushed and dragged the body; suddenly it disappeared from her sight as though it had tumbled down a descent, probably a stair-case. Trembling so that she could scarcely stand, Ellen turned to flee, but whither could she go?

Summoning all her resolution she lay down upon the bed in as natural a position as possible, and composed herself as though asleep. Gradually the wild beating of her heart subsided, and her pulses obeyed the mandate of her will. Now with herself under rigid self-control she awaited she knew not what.

Hours seemed to pass—so long the time seemed, then—ah! Now was the hour of trial.

A stealthy step sounded at her door; very gently the latch was lifted, and with a cat-like motion the landlord and his wife entered and approached the bed. Eagerly the intruders looked down upon the sleeping woman whose natural breathing satisfied the man, for he said in a low whisper:

"She's asleep; she heard nothing; come away."

But pushing him aside his wife crept closer to the edge of the bed, then leaning over the sleeping woman she passed the lighted candle before her eyes. Once, twice, thrice, Ellen felt that she must strike the candle from the old woman's hand and scream, and scream. She could not maintain that awful control a moment longer. Meantime, her brain worked with the rapidity of lightning; if she failed at this crisis, what then? Only too well did she know her fate. No, no, she must not give up. A little longer,—then the woman turned and joined her husband near the door. Their low-spoken words reached the ears of Ellen, strained to catch the slightest sound:

THE LANDLADY BUSTLED AROUND HEARTILY AND SOON HAD A GOOD SUPPER FOR THE TRAVELLERS

"She seems asleep; but what do you think, hadn't we better make sure? Dead men tell no tales."

"No!" was the impatient response. "What gain is it to kill her? She knows nothing; let her be, lest she wake and make bother. We've other work to do yet."

The woman turned, giving one final glance at the silent figure breathing in a deep sleep of fatigue and unconsciousness and softly as they had entered the landlord and his wife departed.

Ellen heard the door close, then stealthy steps echoing along the passage till finally they died away, descending a distant stair-case. Now she felt herself sinking, sinking to unfathomable depths, and she knew no more.

When she came to herself the bright sun was shining into her room. Thank God she was still alive, and the glorious day was here. But, she must be careful; one false step, and her life would be the forfeit.

Descending to the parlor she encountered the landlord.

"Good morning sir," she said shyly. "I am ashamed to be so late, but I was tired and the bed was soft, so I forgot to wake."

"Did you sleep well?" The man asked in a tone which he tried to render pleasant.

"You need hardly ask me that, when you look at the clock," she replied with a laugh.

"I hope you weren't disturbed in the night; there are so many coming and going at all hours," the man pursued.

"I think I must have fallen asleep as soon as I went to bed," answered Ellen so naturally that the man's suspicions were dispelled.

"It must be a hard, busy life for you," continued Ellen in a sympathetic tone; "but I do not know where else I could have gone yester' evening, I was so tired; so I thank you for keeping me."

"Oh! It's hard enough, but some one must do it," the landlord said with a short laugh. "Here, good wife, bring the lass her breakfast."

From the alacrity with which she responded Ellen judged that she had not been far off during the conversation between the landlord and herself.

Quietly she ate her breakfast, then apparently loath to leave such comfortable quarters, she at last bade them farewell, with fervent thanks for their kind and generous treatment of her, and carrying along a substantial lunch of bread and cheese with which the dame insisted upon presenting her, and continued her journey.

Poor Ellen's feelings may be better imagined than described as she walked slowly away from the Manor Inn.

Her senses were oblivious to the charm of the summer morning—the green fields, hawthorn hedges and sweet scents of nature appealed to her in vain. Her mind was filled with the problem of the preceding night.

She had gone several miles when she observed a man on horseback coming towards her. As he came nearer he drew rein, accosting her civilly, enquiring if she had travelled far, and asking direction where he could rest and feed his horse, as he had been travelling since daybreak.

"I came from the Manor Inn," she replied. "And I have no doubt they would be glad to accommodate you."

"Is it a good house, madam?" he asked, Ellen thought a little too quickly.

"They were kindness itself to me, for when I was leaving this morning the good woman insisted upon giving me a lunch that will last all day. I assure you I found them kind and obliging. Call and see for yourself sir," replied Ellen, dropping a courtesy, and preparing to move on.

The man gave her a searching look, then his brow cleared, and bidding her a civil good-day he spurred on his horse.

Heaving a sigh of relief, Ellen Winchester pursued her way.

The long summer day was drawing to a close, and wondering where she should find lodging for the night, Ellen suddenly came upon an old woman, sitting by the roadside apparently half-dead with fatigue. As Ellen drew near the old woman accosted her in a feeble voice, asking if she had a bit of bread to give her for the love of God. Immediately Ellen opened her bundle, and gave her the remainder of the generous lunch with which she had been supplied by the landlady of the Manor Inn.

"Where are you going, young woman?" the old crone asked in a wheedling tone. "You look tired: have you travelled far to-day?"

"Only from the Manor Inn," replied Ellen, while her heart gave a warning throb.

"The Manor Inn! That's a good ways from here. Weren't you frightened to stop there, my woman?" asked the old dame in an insinuating tone as though inviting confidence.

Looking quietly at her interrogator, Ellen asked:

"Why should I be afraid?"

"They do say as it's haunted, and queer tales are told of strange noises that are heard in the night. Did you hear nothing?"

Ellen laughed merrily.

"Such nonsense as people do talk. When people are as tired as I am at night, they are glad to sleep, and not bother with notions. Why I was ashamed to come down this morn, I

Continued on page 56.

# With "Pat" Burns' Cattlemen

## HOW A SCHOLASTIC GOWN WAS CHANGED FOR A PAIR OF SHEEPSKIN "CHAPS" AND A DOMINIE TRANSFORMED INTO AN ALBERTA COW-PUNCHER

### By W. Irving Thomas

TWELVE years ago, just out of college, I began what I thought was to be my life's work, teaching in a high school of an eastern city; but the city was growing rapidly and the students of the high school were increasing in number more rapidly than the dollars which the ratepayers were willing to furnish for teachers. Consequently I found that there were so many placed under my instruction that I must either neglect some of them or do more work than could possibly be crowded into regular working hours. I was young and ambitious; if I remember correctly there was some extravagant notion in my mind about doing unusual things for the benefit of the rising generation; at any rate I worked through all of the daylight hours and often well into the night; worst of all, though I had always been fond of hunting and fishing and horseback riding, I had no time for these; they were crowded out entirely. At first I did not realize how hard this sudden change in my habits would be upon my health; before I woke up to my danger, I could neither eat nor sleep and the doctors told me that if I were to live at all it would be out of doors. It was within a week or two of the summer vacation; I was quite at a loss to know what out door vacation offered the best prospects.

Ever since I can remember anything I have been very fond of horses; it chanced that in going to the business part of the city from my boarding place, I passed one of the fire halls; there were, of course, several very fine horses kept there by the fire department and I never tired of going in to look at them; incidentally I became well acquainted with one of the drivers. One day, just before the school year closed, I happened to be talking to this man and remarked that I was ordered to stay out of doors and didn't know just how to manage it. He said, "I'll tell you what would be the clear rig; I have a friend ranching out in Alberta. I'll give you a letter of introduction to him and you can go out there and herd cattle for the summer; you won't know yourself in the fall." It was the latter part of his speech which most appealed to me; I thought that by spending the summer on the ranch I could regain my health and come back to teach in the high school again. I

would have laughed at the idea of preferring ranching to high school teaching, but nothing could induce me now to go back.

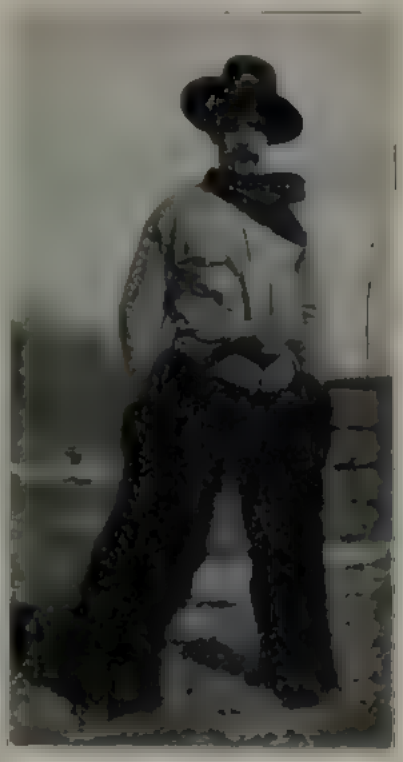
I found that the fireman's friend was a "new settler" with a few cattle and a little bunch of horses, but one of Pat Burns' winter camps was located not far away. I soon became acquainted with his foreman, Mr. Duggan, though I never met Mr. Burns. The current story concerning him was that he came to Alberta with the men who built the first railroad, saw the cattle possibilities of the country and began to ranch in a small way at first, gradually increasing his "bunch" till he finally became the leading cattle man of Alberta.

His method was to establish winter camps wherever there was a large spring, capable of furnishing unlimited water, located in a coulee, the banks of which afforded shelter from snow storms, while the grass on the surrounding prairie could be cut and stacked in summer for winter use. Each of these camps wintered from one hundred to three hundred cattle according to the amount of hay which could be cut within reasonable hauling distance from the spring. These camps were located as near together as available hay, water and shelter permitted. There was one about eight miles northwest of the one just mentioned and another about six miles south. In the spring the cattle from these camps were brought together into large herds of a thousand or more, each herd placed under the management of a "beef boss" who had several cowboys working under him, a teamster and a cook. Beside the cattle there was the "saddle bunch" containing from two to three horses for each cowboy.

As spring approached these large herds began to be assembled, especially where one camp had run out of hay while another had a surplus. As the grass began to grow, when the frost first came out of the ground the cattle were taken out a little way from camp in the day time and brought back at night for hay and water. When the grass had grown sufficiently to be trusted to feed the cattle they were driven away from the region of winter camps, far back from the railroad so as to leave the grass near the camps to grow into hay for another winter.

As the winter camps were all located near the railroad to make supplies handy, the cowboys were frequently in town and were never riotous nor intemperate. Most of them took a drink at the bar when in town and sometimes brought a bottle out to camp, but I never saw one of them drunk during the winter. They were fond of playing tricks on one another and especially on a tenderfoot if one chanced to come among them.

A little while after I joined the camp I was out a short way from the corrall afoot with two or three of the cowboys; another cowboy came out to us riding a horse bareback and with no bit in his mouth. He had nothing on but a halter. They fixed up an errand for me to camp and the fellow with the gentle horse kindly offered him to me. I was scarcely on his back when he went straight up, ten feet it seemed to me. Knowing that I couldn't



ONE OF THE BEST KNOWN COWBOYS IN SOUTHERN ALBERTA. A TYPE OF MAN THAT IS NOW ALMOST VANISHED

sit him bareback even if I had been an experienced rider, I slid down over his tail and lit on the ground behind him, to the uproarious delight of the cowboys. Very frequently when a wild horse is broken by a certain rider he becomes very much attached to his master and is as gentle as a kitten in his hands but he will buck to the last atom of his strength and endurance if anyone else tries to ride him.

From what I had heard I supposed that a bunch of cowboys was a sort of continuous vaudeville of drunks, shooting up towns and full of cantankerousness generally, but in winter camp and out on the range they were quite as regular in their habits as any set of working men and a great deal more to be depended upon than other classes of men whom I had known. It was when they were coming in from the range after a summer's absence from the frontier towns or when they were celebrating on the eve of departure from the winter camp for the range to begin another summer's herding that wild capers could be expected. To these men who met no one on the range but men of their own kind the tenderfoot was a great boon, for he brought a change, a diversion, he was different.

The most entertaining tenderfoot who came into the range during my stay with the cowboys was one O'Hara, just over from the "ould soil." He came over with a consignment of imported horses to Calgary. Clanahan, a foreman whose bunch was one of the latest in getting away for the summer range, being short handed and unable to find an experienced man, hired O'Hara thinking that, as he had a considerable experience with horses, he would be easily broken in.

Because he was so late in starting Clanahan had to content himself with a somewhat motley outfit. The chuck wagon was driven by a negro, a good driver and not a bad rider, who could help out with the cattle on occasion. The cook was a Chinaman, a thorough success at his job but new to the range.

The first day out some of the riders came into camp with specimens of a plant which proved very satisfactory when cooked for greens. They told the Chinaman that it grew abundantly at a spot which they pointed out not very far from camp. The bunch was supposed to be composed entirely of steers and dry cows but one of these supposedly dry cows had carefully concealed a newly born calf at the spot pointed out to the Chinaman and when he proceeded with pail and butcher knife to look for greens, if two mounted riders had not been keeping an eye on his movements, he would probably never have gotten back to camp. As it was he came in at the top of his speed, the cow thundering along at his heels, bellowing wildly. He was too much excited to notice that one of the cowpunchers roped the cow, and stumbling over the tent ropes rolled into camp, more white than Mongolian, to the great delight of the cowboys.

However, they overlooked the fact that they were not far enough away from civilization to make escape impossible and the next morning found themselves without a cook. As there was no other way out of the difficulty, they cast lots to see who should take the place of the missing Chinaman. The lot fell upon a lanky cowpuncher with little experience and less liking for his new job.

"I took a chanst with the rest o' you an' I'll stand to it," he said, "but I don't tech nary kettle ner skillet till every cuss o' you swears that the first

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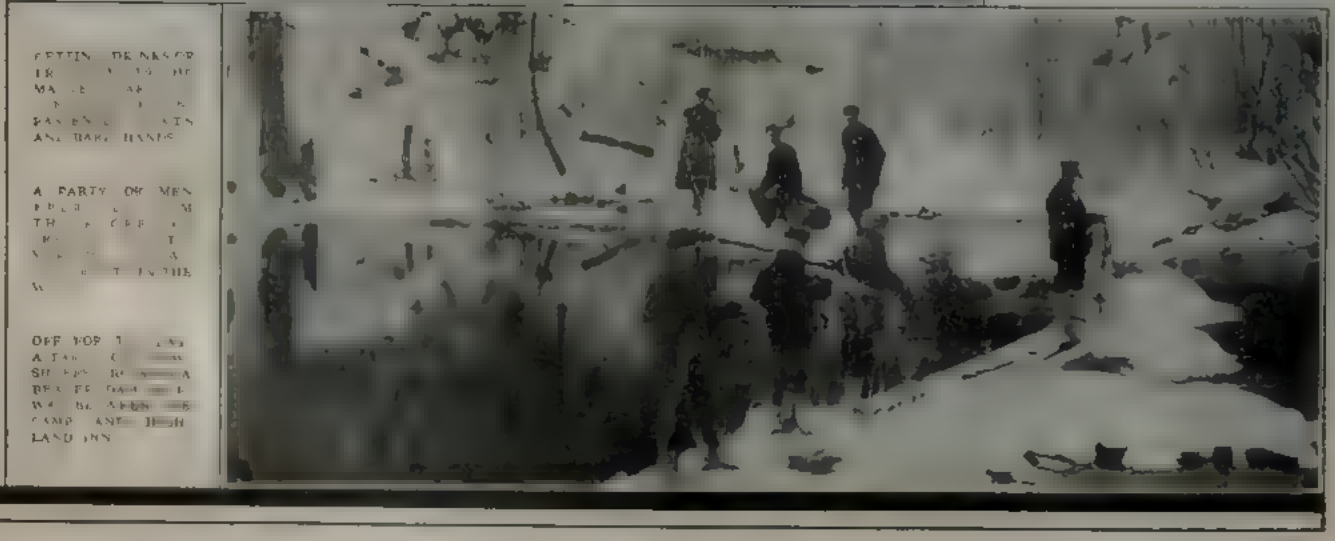
# Following The

## WHERE BUSINESS MEN TAKE THEIR

THE winter vacation of the snowshoe and white trail began with the business man. In summer his office force melted to the woods and the seashore; he stayed, of necessity, at the desk. In the fall they returned; the machinery of the office went forward smoothly again; and for the first time the wearied and nerve-worn business man had a chance to think of his own playtime. One of them experimented with January at Algonquin Park, and had a "bully time." So the winter camping parties began,—men only at first; then wives and daughters

Time was when the hair rose up on the back of our necks when anybody mentioned "Our Lady of the Snows," and for a long time we would have nothing to do with Mr. Rudyard Kipling because of his poem. But a more sensible view has come to us with the years and our Canadian winters are now our pride. To the Canadian-born there is no sound more unforgettable, more freighted with memories, than the sharp creak of the dry snow underfoot on a bright morning. His the line—again Kipling's—"And for one the creak of snowshoes on the crust." No tropic palm, no smell of saddles or arch of spray-wet sail can match it. The dry cold air, the deep snow, the winter woods have no terrors. The lower the thermometer, the keener the zest for the morning tramp, the merrier the laughing party at luncheon. Men and women garbed in sweaters and wool caps and moccasins dig their toes into the snowshoe thongs, with vim and swing off for a seven-mile tramp in the wonderful winter forest.

And at night the moonlight that is found alone in the brilliant whiteclad north, the trails over the lakes and around the silent islands beckon irresistibly. The undimmed glamour of the moon, the crisp crunch of the snowshoe, the tingle of frost, and the merry



# White Trails

## AND THEIR FAMILIES WINTER HOLIDAY

laughter of the line before and behind you, all have an elfin glamour. You chuckle like a boy—chuckle as if there were no such things as stockmarkets, tickers or deals in the world—and go exploring on your own account where a line of dotted tracks writes a legend in an unknown language on the snow. You may meet wise-eyed Reynard, returning with a kill; or perhaps the trail ends in a beaver colony of strange humped houses. Perhaps it brings you to a scarred and bloody spot where a white owl has swooped on a luckless rabbit and left nothing but slim, clean-picked bones to record his passing.

But the others are singing now—the voices, softened and sweetened by distance, ring out with almost unearthly harmony—and you turn, short-cutting through an aisle of lofty pines to catch up with them and in the sound of familiar human speech lose the uncanny feeling that haunted you when you bent above the bones of the little rabbit. Somebody in a white sweater and stocking-cap waves her hand as you cut across the open—it's good to be missed by a pair of bright eyes—and before you know it, you have tumbled in with the others to a low-ceiled room, where a rousing fire of logs roars in the wide chimney and sandwiches are waiting.

There, too, are the nights when skating takes the place of snowshoeing. Have you ever skated on black ice by moonlight with never a track before your own ringing blades? Or tobogganed down the steep face of a hill with three dips and two bumps at the bottom of the second dip—and the tail-man can look out for himself? The business men who first began going to Algonquin didn't know they were upsetting a tradition and starting a fashion, but just the same their example has spread until winter Algonquin is full of merrymakers among the snowy woods.

# The Crimson Parrot

## By George Frederick Clarke

Illustrated by Frederic M. Grant

THE port of St. John was heavy with fog and rain and the old horn at the mouth of the harbor kept bellowing its warning every minute or so, and made me shiver as I sat in the little room at the back of the shop. My mind was busy with this thing and that, of tales I'd heard of the deep sea, pirates and smugglers, and blockade-runners, and God knows what not; for to our little store came seamen from all the ports of the old world, and I knew a heap of life in a quiet way.

And presently he came. The fog-horn had but ceased a lonesome warning when the door opened, and the room was filled with the creaking sign outside and the tinkling of the bell we'd put over the door when I was only a little gaffer. And I saw his eyes first, shining from his wet, grey-whiskered face like lamps through a fog. Then, as he stumped towards me, my eyes took him all in, the tarpaulin-wrapped bundle under his arm, his long body upheld by one wooden leg and one sound one, that was as crooked as Billy Margrove's tongue, what used to sell hemp and baccy and longshoremen's outfits down the wharf a piece.

He creaked and strained over to where I was, for I was too struck dumb even to move. I wanted to call mother but I knew her to be asleep in the next room, and decided it was best not to show myself cowardly before him.

And he set down the bundle he carried, all the while looking at me with his bright, uncanny eyes. Oh, he was an old, old man, wrinkled and seared and browned like mahogany, and his clothes were old, and patched together in many places. He opened his mouth, and his voice, so unlike the rest of him I almost jumped from my stool, was as kind and soft as the mission parson's I used to go to hear on Sundays, as he said: "It's a bad night, sonny," and I said, yes it was, and then he asked me for a plug of baccy which I got for him.

He had seated himself in a high-backed rocking chair we had, and pulled out a pipe and gully knife and began cleaning it, and when he'd got the baccy, started to fill up.

And after he'd lit and took a few puffs, he spit into the stove, and looked at me and through me with his bright blue eyes and says: "It's a bad night, Sonny, but not so bad as the night we sunk the 'Barbadoes'," says he, and shook his head and tapped the bowl of his pipe on a horny knuckle.

"IT'S A LIE," CROAKED THE PARROT

"Ah yes," he continued, puffing and blowing a great cloud of smoke. "The night we sunk the Barbadoes was a hundred times worse nor this, and the thunder was that heavy I thought the end of the world was come and knowed it was judgment for the sins that we'd committed.

He stopped a moment, and leaned toward me so suddenly his wooden leg creaked with the effort. "Hark ye, sonny," he says, "and I'll tell you a story. I'm an old man now, and it's been on my mind a score of years.

"THAT'S THE BARBADOES," HE SAYS, "AND WE SUNK HER IN FIFTEEN FATHOM OFF THE COAST OF MOROCCO ALONG WITH THE GOLD"

But it's gospel true," he says. And then,—just then, a voice came from the bundle he'd brought with him "It's a damn lie," it said, and laughed, a croaking laugh.

I'll never forget the look in the stranger's eyes—terror, anger, I know not which, then he stooped, and, tearing away the tarpaulin disclosed to my eyes a large crimson parrot.

"That's her," he says in his soft, peculiar voice. "That's the 'Barbadoes!' and we sunk her in fifteen fathom off the coast of Morocco along with the gold and her and him, that was in love, both of them."

I shivered. Was the man a maniac, drunk, or what? I tried then to call mother, but my mouth was dry and my tongue a dead thing that refused to move. And all the while the gale swung the old sign outside to and fro with a dismal clatter and whistled and moaned about the eaves as though it were some lost soul seeking entrance; and down the harbor the fog-horn repeated its mournful warning.

He took a piece of bread from a pocket and thrust it between the bars of the cage. The bird's beak darted for his fingers in impotent fury. He laughed, low and musical, and muttered something in a foreign tongue as the angry bird withdrew to its perch and pecked at the bread and grumbled alternately. Finally it closed one eye and, with the utmost solemnity said, "It's a damn lie, thank God—yes," and then the thing laughed.

"She's five hundred years old if she's a day," continued the seaman, "and she's seen a heap of life, both good and bad. But she knew too much, so we sunk her, as I said before, off the coast of Morocco along with her and him."

He stopped again, and I knew he must be crazy, and wondered when he'd start to kill me; for I thought of every tale I'd ever heard of the doings of crazy folk. But in a minute he began again and talked on slow and eager to the end of the tale.

"There was me," he says, "and Joel Stairs, and Alex. Robbins, and Peter Frome from Norwich. And one night, twenty year aback, we was seated in the ingle of the 'Bull' drinking ale and small beer and cracking jokes with Patience Croft, the barmaid, when in walks a tall, handsome man with the air of the military. He steps up to the bar, he does, and lays a gold piece on the marble, then his eye sought us and, 'Step up, my men,' says he.

"We all goes forward and drank his health. And he said, 'Another,' and we was again filled by the pretty barmaid

"'What ship, men?' asks the stranger, and we said we was waiting for orders. It might be a month and it might be two.

"He looked at us solemnly and drew his brows together thoughtful-like and says, 'I want a crew, a good, hardy lot of men. My yacht, the "Barbadoes", is ready to sail in a week, Will you sign?'

"And Peter Frome spoke up. He was always quick with the tongue and generally our lead. "Where to?" he asks

"Again the stranger's brows came together. 'What's that to you men?' he asks proudly. 'You get your pay—a month's salary down,' he hastens, 'and good rations. Better than you've been getting all your lives, I'll wager a thousand pounds. Will you sign?'

"It wasn't just regular. Every seaman likes to know his port. But there was an air about the man that was taking, and he'd mentioned wages that was more'n we'd ever thought to get. Moreover, there was something mysterious about it all that whetted our curiosity.

"When he'd gone, Joel Stairs spoke up. 'I'll stake my davy it's a treasure hunt.' And we all agreed it was more than a yachting cruise we'd signed to. And Joel Stairs swore—we'd all been drinking heavy—he'd bring Patience Croft home her pretty hands full of doubloons and pieces-of-eight. God knows the poor girl loved him. And Joel wasn't a bad sort—not a bad sort. But he never came back—nor never will

"Well, in a week we saw her,—as trim a craft as ever tug-boat towed out of port—"

The old man stopped a moment, his blue eyes beyond me. His pipe had gone out. The parrot, Barbadoes, stood on her perch and seemed to sleep

Presently he continued, "For a gentleman's yacht we soon found that she presented a very warlike appearance. On her forward deck, under a tarpaulin, was a wicked little six-pounder, and in the mate's cabin were rows of Lee-Metford rifles. And we wondered anew. Was it a treasure hunt, or gun-running we was bent on?

"Well, I have said the master was not more than thirty-five, with a quick turn to his tongue that showed he was used to ordering men. He was dark featured, with great grey-blue eyes, and we cal'lated he'd served in India.

"And he'd pace back and forth the length of the deck with his grey eyes fixed on the grey sea, as though he was impatient at the speed we was making. And he'd come to me a dozen times a day at the wheel and question me as to my knowledge of every piece of water on the globe. And there wasn't much I couldn't tell him, I say.

"He had directed me to shape our course to Gibraltar and in fifteen days we had passed the great fortress and was slipping through the straits to the Mediterranean. We was all puzzled. As a rule, men don't go treasure hunting in those waters, but rather south to the Caribbean Sea.

"On we went, stopping only at this port or that to take on fresh water or coal, and the farther we got the more anxious we grew to know our fixed destination. We was disappointed, we was, for we'd visions of treasure hunting and the possible share in a rich prize. But after all, it was a treasure we was after, and so help me God! the Indian Ocean is the greatest treasure-ground in the world.

"Hark ye, sonny," he said, and strained towards me so that his wooden leg creaked painfully to my ear. "Hark ye, lad, and I'll tell you of a treasure greater than Drake looted at Nombre Dois, or Captain Kidd is ever credited with burying. I'll tell you of Monohirini, the Hindoo princess, and the gold and jewels that we shipped aboard at Bombay nineteen years agone this very month.

"Six weeks from Southampton we dropped anchor at Bombay and the master had given his orders. He told us he was going ashore, would be gone a week at the latest, and cautioned us to stay aboard after the third day, then, dressing himself with the greatest care, he left us and went in the direction of Bankipore, we learned later.

"A week passed, a week of blistering days and there was nothing to do but lie beneath the awnings and watch the queer native boats putting into, or out of the harbor.

"And one night he came back. It had just struck eight bells when we heard the lookout's ahoy! A boat swung alongside; there was some talk in a low key, and a minute later we helped the master and a lady on board. There followed them a huge native with his arms full of traps

"They hurried into the cabin and, in a moment the master came forward and in a quick voice superintended the removal of several boxes which they had brought with them.

"It was not until the last case was aboard and the niggers had salaamed and departed that he turned to us, and I saw his eyes, as bright as the stars that filled the heavens. His face was thinner, but there was something new, a glad triumph that had not been there the previous week. He says, 'Billy,' says he, 'we must be out of this at once. Is everything aboard, coal, water, everything?' And I said yes, and he became familiar with me, the only time I ever saw him stoop from his reserve. He clapped me on the back, 'Good, old boy!' he tells me. 'They're likely to follow us; but we'll give them a warm reception, eh?' and he chuckled. 'Keep a sharp lookout and arm the men,' he commanded, and stayed on deck until we was well out of the harbor.

"We saw her the next day with him by her side, his deep grey eyes contented and filled with love. She had her hand on his arm and she walked with a swaying, lithesome movement from her hips as do all Eastern people.

"Beautiful? I have no words to tell of her beauty. I heard him, as they passed the wheel, call her a goddess. And his voice, that was so commanding to us beneath him, softened like a woman's as he told her that her name, Monohirini, had been well given It seems it meant in English, 'Stealer of men's minds.' He exclaimed that she had stolen his soul.

"I know she worshipped him. Her whole heart trembled in her eyes as they gazed into his. I remember well her hair, as black as the darkest night

"The Hindoo servant they had brought with them kept himself aloof from us. He was tall, and silent, and fierce. He slept at night just outside and before their cabin door, like a great faithful dog.

"Joel Stairs overheard the master and her talking one day. He said; 'My Princess, is it well with you? Are you quite happy?' and she replied, 'My lord's happiness is mine. He is my star that guides me through his Heaven.' And she stooped and caught up his hand fondly and kissed it.

"Some of us had heard of the beautiful Hindoo princess Monohirini and of her great wealth. The very chairs in her palace were said to be studded with jewels. Many suitors had vainly tried for her hand,—foreign princes and nobles; but with no success. She was said to be the proudest of her race, and her brother boastfully declared that no member of his family would ever wed with any of the white race.

"Yet, here she was, my lad, and as deeply in love as woman ever was. How the master had accomplished it we never knew. This much, however, we did know. He expected us to be pursued, hence the gun on the forward deck, the Lee-Metfords in the cabin, and the constant watch kept day and night.

"In our own quarters we talked the matter over, and speculated on the boxes they had brought on board, jewels and money—a king's ransom, no doubt, and we gloated over our evil dreams.

Continued on page 35

# UNWILLING EVE

## By Robert Ames Bennet

Author of "For the White Christ" "Which One?" etc.

Illustrated by
Percy Edward Anderson

SYNOPSIS

**Three people, Genevieve Leslie, a society girl; Cecil Winthrope, an Englishman in the diplomatic service; and Tom Blake, a Canadian civil engineer, are wrecked on the most desolate and wildest stretch of the Mozambique coast. Blake's admiration for Miss Leslie has been equalled by Winthrope on board the steamer, but shortly after the storm subsides Blake proves himself the strongest and most resourceful of the three, and assumes command of the party. A headland shows some ten miles to the south, with promise of water and safety from the malarial swamps. This the party heads for, and in the journey Winthrope sprains his ankle, which forces Blake to carry him. Almost spent with thirst, they reach a river, and Blake, pushing ahead, finds that it is salt with the sea-water of high tide. Meantime, Winthrope discovers an uprooted cocoa-palm, and the nuts serve as both food and drink. They spend the night in a baobab tree, hearing wild beasts about them, but safe from their attacks. Next morning Blake starts out to find a way to cross the river and so reach the headland. On reaching it the party find a drove of wild cattle, a spring of good water, and a family of leopards in command of the situation. Being weaponless and without fire to smoke out the leopards' den, they are forced to withdraw. "Men's pockets seem so open," remarks Miss Leslie, as they retreat, "I've had to pick up Mr. Blake's locket twice." He gasps "Locket! I never had one in my life! Give it here!" and opens a surveyor's burning glass, which solves their fire and food problem. They burn out the leopards, eat roast kitten and start to create a dwelling place in the den. Miss Leslie determines to show she can help, and takes hold of the work bravely. Then she overhears a conversation between Blake and Winthrope in which Blake states angrily, "I'd like to know where in hell you come in? She's not your mother, nor your sister, nor your aunt, and if she's your sweetheart, you've both been dammed close-mouthed over it." Terror-stricken, she hastens back to camp. She tells Winthrope of her fear, and he urges her to marry him, but she refuses. Then Winthrope comes down with the fever, and Blake is poisoned by eating fish. While he is gone, the jackals attack the camp, but the girl manages to beat them off, and when Blake returns in the morning he shows open admiration of her bravery. When Winthrope recovers from his attack of fever, the three make a trip back to the cocoanut grove. Miss Leslie goes to pick an amaryllis, and finds a huge poison adder. Blake kills it, but not before it has apparently struck Miss Leslie on the knee. Unceremoniously he rips back her skirt and puts his lips to a small red wound to suck out the poison, only to reveal a hideous rodent from the girl who says it is only a thorn wound. Winthrope takes her away, in hysterics, and Blake, after extracting the snake's venom to poison arrows, picks the amaryllis as a peace offering for Miss Leslie. By this time both men are in love with her, Blake silently, Winthrope constantly urging his suit. Blake begs forgiveness for his blunder about the snake and is forgiven. Then he makes her a strong bamboo door for her cave, heavy, armed with sharpened strikes, and yet set so ingeniously on a hinge that a child can swing it. Winthrope, in Blake's absence, hints to Miss Leslie that Blake is afflicted with paranoia, and has made this door to protect her from himself in his irresponsible moments. A tropical storm of terrible fury bursts over the camp while the men are away. Cowering in her cave for shelter Miss Leslie sees by a lightning flash that Winthrope is stealthily crawling in upon her, his face like that of a beast. The sharp bamboo door caught by a gust, whirls on its axis, and strikes him. She manages to bolt the door, and faints. In the morning Blake staggers in, calling her name. When he learns of Winthrope's attempt he is furious, but she restrains him, and they find that Winthrope has been struck by the door, and is already dying. He confesses in his last moments that he is only a valet masquerading as a gentleman, with a lot of stolen emeralds sewn up in a stomach-pad. Left alone they put Winthrope's body up on the headland, hide the emeralds and clear up the debris of the storm. Not until Miss Leslie is again alone does she realize that under the stress of the day she has called Blake "Tom."**

### CHAPTER XXII

#### UNDERSTANDING AND MISUNDERSTANDING

In the morning she found Blake scraping energetically at the inner surfaces of a pair of raw hyena skins.

"So you've killed more game!" she exclaimed.

"Game? No; hyenas. I hated to waste good poison on the brutes; but nothing else showed up, and I need a new pair of pa—er—trousers."

"Was it not dangerous—great beasts like these?"

"Not even enough to make it interesting. I'd have had some fun, though, with that confounded lion when the moon came up, if he hadn't sneaked off into the grass."

A light flashed in her eyes.

"Yes. Didn't you hear him? The skulking brute prowled around for hours before the moon rose, when it was pitch dark. It was mighty lonesome, with him yowling down by the pool. Half a chance, and I'd given him something to yowl about. But it wasn't any use firing off my arrows in the dark, and, as I said, he sneaked off before——"

"Tom—Mr. Blake!—you must not risk your life!"

"Don't you worry about me. I've learned how to look out for Tom Blake. And you can just bank on it I'm going to look out for Miss Jenny Leslie, too! . . . . But say, after breakfast, suppose we take a run out on the cliffs for eggs?

"I do not wish any to-day, thank you."

He waited a little, studying her down-bent face.

"Well," he murmured; "you don't have to come. I know I oughtn't to take a moment's time. I did quite a bit last night; but if you think——"

She glanced up, puzzled. His meaning flashed upon her, and she rose.

"Oh, not that! I will come," she answered, and hastened to prepare the morning meal.

When they came to the tree-ladder,

she found that the heap of stones built up by Blake to facilitate the first part of the ascent was now so high that she could climb into the branches without difficulty. She surmised that Blake had found it necessary to build up the pile before he could ascend with his burden.

They were at the foot of the heap, when, with a sharp exclamation, Blake sprang up into the branches, and scrambled to the top in hot haste. Wondering what this might mean, Miss Leslie followed as fast as she could. When she reached the top, she saw him running across towards an out-jutting point on the north edge of the cliff.

She had hurried after him for more than half the distance before she perceived the vultures that were gathered in a solemn circle about a long and narrow heap of stones, on a ledge, down on the sloping brink of the cliff. While at the foot of the tree Blake had seen one of the grewsome flock descending to join the others, and, fearful of what might be happening, had rushed on ahead.

At his approach, the croaking watchers hopped awkwardly from the ledges, and soared away; only to wheel, and circle back overhead. Miss Leslie shrank down, shuddering. Blake came back near her, and began to gather up the pieces of loose rock which were strewn about beneath the ledges on that part of the cliff.

"I know I piled up enough," he explained, in response to her look. "All the same, a few more will do no harm."

"Then you are sure those awful birds have not——"

"[illegible]"

He carried an armful of rocks to lay on the mound. When he began to gather more, she followed his example. They worked in silence, piling the [illegible] stones gently one upon another, until the cairn had grown to twice its former size. The air on the open cliff was fresher than in the cleft, and Miss Leslie gave little heed to the absence of shade. She would have worked on under the burning sun without thought of consequences. But Blake knew the need of moderation.

"There; that'll do," he said. "He may have been—all he was; but we've no more than done our duty. Now, we'll [illegible]"

"[illegible]"

"[illegible] But [illegible] it looks to me like the signal is tearing [illegible]"

She accompanied him out along the cliff crest until they stood in the midst of the bird colony, half deafened by their harsh clamor. She had never ventured into their concourse when alone. Even now she cried out, and would have retreated before the sharp bills and beating wings had not Blake walked ahead and kicked the squawking birds out of the path. Having made certain that the big white flag was still secure on its staff, he led the way along the seaward brink of the cliff, pointing out the different kinds of seafowl, and shouting information about such of their habits and qualities as were of concern to hungry castaways.

He concluded the lesson by descending a dizzy flight of ledges to rob the nest of a frigate bird. It was a foolhardy feat at best, and doubly so in view of the thousands of eggs lying all around in the hollows of the cliff top. But from these Blake had recently culled out all the fresh settings of the frigate birds, and none of the other eggs equalled them in delicacy of flavor.

"How's that?" he demanded, as he drew himself up over the edge of the cliff, and handed the big chalky-white egg into her keeping.

"I would rather go without than see you take such risks," she replied coldly.

"You would, eh?" he cried, quite misunderstanding her, and angered by what seemed to him a gratuitous rebuff. "Well, I'd rather you'd say nothing than speak in that tone. If you don't want the egg heave it over."

Unable to conceive any cause for his sudden anger, she was alarmed, and drew back, watching him with sidelong glances.

"What's the matter?" he demanded. "Think I'm going to bite you?"

She shrank farther away, and did not answer. He stared at her, his eyes hard and bright. Suddenly he burst into a harsh laugh, and strode away towards the cliff, savagely kicking aside the birds that came in his path.

When, an hour later, the girl crept back along the cleft to the baobab, she saw him hard at work building a little hut, several yards down towards the barricade. The moment she perceived what he was about her bearing became less guarded, and she took up her own work with a spirit and energy which she had not shown since the adventure with the puff adder.

At her call to the noon meal, Blake took his time to respond, and when he at last came to join her, he was morose and taciturn. She met him with a smile, and exerted all her womanly tact to conciliate him.

"You must help me eat the egg," she said. "I've boiled it hard."

"Rather eat beef," he mumbled.

"But just to please me—when I've cooked it your way?"

He uttered an inarticulate sound which she chose to interpret as assent. The egg was already shelled. She cut it exactly in half, and served one of the pieces to him with a bit of warm fat and a pinch of salt. As he took the dish, he raised his sullen eyes to her face. She met his gaze with a look of smiling insistence.

"Come now," she said; "please don't refuse. I'm sorry I was so rude."

"Well, if you feel that way about it," he responded gruffly.

"It would be missing half the enjoyment to eat such a delicacy without some one to share it," she said.

Blake looked away without answer. But she could see that his face was beginning to clear. Greatly encouraged, she chatted away as though they were seated at her father's dinner-table, and he was an elderly friend from the business world whom it was her duty to entertain.

For a while Blake betrayed little interest, confining himself to monosyllables except when he commented on the care with which she had cooked the various dishes. When she least expected, he looked up at her, his lips parted in a broad smile. She stopped short, for she had been describing her first social triumph, and his untimely levity embarrassed her.

"Don't get mad, Miss Jenny," he said, his eyes twinkling. "You don't know how funny it seems to sit here and listen to you talking about those things. It's like serving up ice cream and onions in the same dish."

"I'm sure, Mr. Blake—"

"Beats a burlesque all hollow—Lady What-you-may-callum's chop-sooey tea and young Mrs. Honorable Somebody's autocotillon—with us sitting here like troglodytes, chewing snake-poisoned antelope, and you in that Kundry dress——"

"Do you—I was not aware that you knew about music."

"Don't know a note. But give me a chance to hear good music, and I'm there, if I have to stand in the peanut gallery."

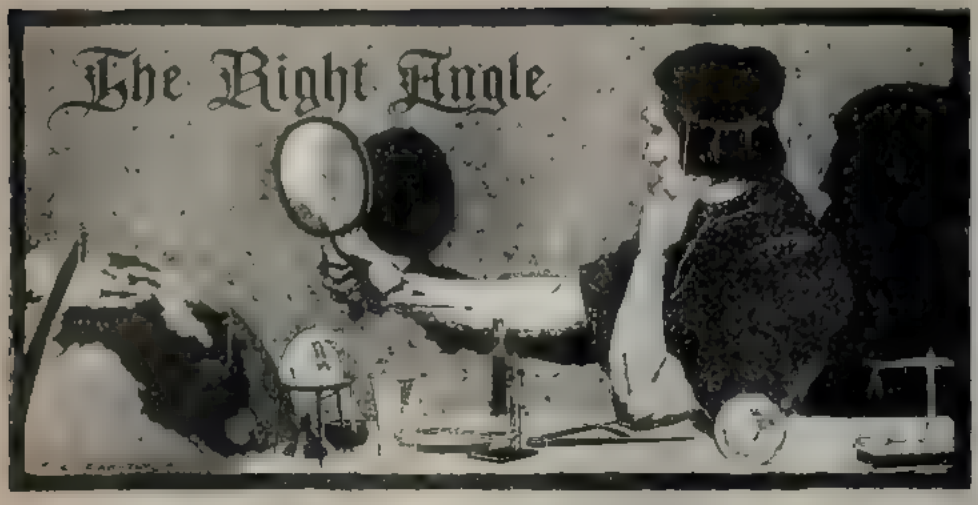
"Oh, I'm so glad! I'm very, very fond of music! Have you been to Bayreuth?"

"Where's that?"

"In Germany. It is where his operas are given as staged by Wagner himself. It is indescribably grand and inspiring—above all, the Parsifal!"

"I'll most certainly take that in, even if I have to cut short my engagement in this gee-lorious clime—though when it comes to leopard ladies—" He paused, and surveyed her with frank admiration.

Continued on page 45




### BUMPER CROP AN OLD STORY

THE production of two hundred million bushels of wheat in a country that was recently inhabited by Poor Lo and his four-footed associates, is surely concrete evidence of development. But Canada's latest bumper crop is more surprising to outsiders than to those who live close to the ever-marching procession of home-seekers. When we know that newcomers have been reaching us at the rate of 350,000 a year, we expect to see tangible results of their labors. Ten years hence our mighty advance will cause less excitement than we felt over the big crop of a decade ago. We are now 8,000,000, but, as Immigration Superintendent W. D. Scott said the other day, we are planning with 40,000,000 in view

### WITH PRESIDENT WILSON'S COMPLIMENTS

PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON has recently widened his circle of admirers in the Maritime Provinces. Captain James and Seaman Richardson of Publico, N.S., heroically rescued the crew of a United States schooner which had become disabled in a fierce Atlantic storm The story of their bravery reached Washington — reached the White House itself. Captain James has received a handsome gold watch, and Seaman Richardson a gold medal, both suitably engraved, with the president's compliments

### THE AGITATOR

THE agitator from Great Britain with a meritorious cause and ability to present it, is always given a fair hearing in the Dominion. But he must behave himself in our midst We can stomach much less lawless oratory than our neighbors in the States. Tom Mann's wild antics at Windsor (Ont.) gathering not long ago when he denounced all Government whatsoever, spoke impudently of the King, and left the platform while the national anthem was being sung, were characteristic of a type of radical that will never be popular here. The Canadians comprise Liberals, Conservatives, Laborites, Socialists, Independents and others, but the Loyalists are the most numerous partisans in the nine provinces

### ART AND UTILITY AT WINNIPEG

WINNIPEG the up-to-date, one day arranges to spend thirteen millions on her new waterworks system, and the next throws open her new Art Institute. A school of art, conducted as an important branch of an industrial bureau, is surely the last word in western progress. Competent instructors will train young Manitobans in the use of brush and pencil. Winnipeg citizens believe that there is no reason in the world why a few Turners and Raphaels should not be discoverable in their region, as well as an army of farmers, manufacturers and bankers. And, as usual, they are right

### GOLD IN THE NORTH

CANADA'S treasure-house of natural resources shows variety as well as vast extent. The latest Mecca of precious metal seekers is the MacLeod river, in the far northwest. Here has been discovered a placer territory whose wealth promises to rival California and the Klondike. Simultaneously news comes of another big natural gas "strike" near Edmonton which will afford the lucky folk in that vicinity fuel and lighting at nominal rates. It will also tempt enterprising American manufacturers looking for a desirable factory site

### CANADA'S OLDEST AND BEST BOOSTER

THE oldest Canadian in active service resents the insinuation that it is time for retirement at ninety-three. Canada will never see his like again and will never have another servant in her employ more faithful, more industrious, or more skilled in his line of work. On returning to London after a flying visit, Lord Strathcona insisted that he was still in harness and would remain at his post as long as his zest for action held out. Let us hope the century mark will find the illustrious High Commissioner still hale and hearty, an eager booster of the land that loves him.

### THE POET OF THE WOODS.

HAVE you ever lain on a hill side where the sun shone warm on the pines, and felt lazy and peaceful and contented clear down to your roots? If you have, "The Woods" is your book. Douglas Malloch, its author, is a Scotch-Canadian who knows our beautiful forests and loves them—and has put them into song for all the world to hear. In fact, the young poet says that his best ambition is to express the charm of the deep woods and the people who, living there, have taken on the character of their surroundings.

Mr. Malloch has long enjoyed a reputation among foresters, lumbermen and others whose lives are threaded out among the woods. The men who are leaders in the forestry movement both here and in the United States know and love his poems. But he deserves a wider audience, for in all of us, no matter how city-bound and

DOUGLAS MALLOCH
Author of "The Woods," a new book of poems with the tang of the pines and the ring of the axe in its verses

convention-crusted we are, there is a remembrance, an undercurrent of affection for the out-of-doors that bred our ancestors, and an instinctive under-

standing of it. Dim and clouded though it may be, we know something of the woods life, and take a pleasure in it at second-hand with the mosquitoes carefully handpicked out, and no danger of our getting rained on.

Not only does Mr. Malloch voice the woods, but he speaks also for the woodsman. His out-of-doors is not the country of Shelley, Wordsworth, and the other so-called "nature poets." It is a region of mackinaws and peavies, of the "tank-wagon" and the skid-road, the boss and the "hoss," a place where powerful rough men war with grim Nature for their bread. The song and story, the humor and philosophy of the lumberjack are put into his verses. Take for instance the poem "Possession," which is the reflection of a lumberjack sitting on the stoop in the sun:

"The boss in town unrolls a map
An' proudly says 'It's mine.'
But he don't drink no maple-sap
An' he don't smell no pine
The boss in town he figgers lands
In quarter-sections red,
I just set with folded hands
An' breathe 'em in instead."

"Back on the Job" is the quaint philosophy of the lumberjack whom "Miss Spring" has overtaken with part of his cut still in the woods.

". . . . . Up here in the timber
We think we are runnin' the thing,
We're fallin' the trees
An' we're makin' it freeze—
But all of a sudden it's Spring.
Then it's mix up a walk for the swampers
An' can the whole mackinaw mob,
No use fer the [illegible]
Er the crew er the hoss—
Miss Spring has got back on the job"

The flying geese, the first snow, spring fever, the partridge drumming in June—these are the things that inspire Mr. Malloch and make his book delightful to woods-lovers, wherever they are. (George H. Doran Co., New York.)

### WITH THE PUBLISHERS

A SCHOLARLY and careful work is "The Natural History of the Toronto Region" which has been prepared by the Canadian Institute for the members of the Twelfth Geological Congress and for all who may have an interest in the history and natural history of the city and its vicinity. David Reid Keys, M.A., contributes the historical sketch; Alexander Francis Chamberlain, M.A., [illegible] region; A. P. Coleman, Ph.D., F.R.S., writes of the geology; R. F. Stupart, F.R.S.C., of the climate; C. D. [illegible] Ph.D., of the life zones; Prin. William Scott, of the seed plants, and other botanical, zoological and entomological studies are made by men well-known in their respective fields. It is thoroughly authoritative, and an addition to the student's library. (William Briggs & Co., Toronto, $2.00)

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E. L. Marsh's "The Story of Canada" is picturesque, rather than profound. Children will read it with pleasure, as if it were a story-book, and in the reading cannot help but learn pleasantly much that is hard to acquire in the dry form of the average history (Thomas Nelson & Sons, London.)

### WOLFE'S HEARTHSTONE

CANADA now owns a venerable dwelling, surrounded by an acre of ground, at Westerham, England, that will be forever among the most prized of our historic possessions. It is the spot where General Wolfe made his home. Some 240 letters, documents and portraits constituting the Ware Collection, will be placed there for the reverent inspection of coming generations. Of Canada's little group of military immortals, James Wolfe, whose lifeblood stained the sod of Quebec Heights in 1759, is easily the favorite of the people

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# The Crimson Parrot

Continued from page 29.

"One day we stopped by a beautiful little island, uninhabited—a mere half mile extent.

"'We had relaxed our vigilance since passing Gibraltar, and now imagined we were safe from pursuit. The master and his princess were jubilant, and the sight of the green foliage and the pretty beach caused him to heave to and go on shore to explore.

"In a short time he returned and ordered the steward to put some food in the boat. When all was complete he helped Monohirini down the side and was rowed to shore. We saw them, hand in hand, scamper up the beach and into the woods like a couple of children.

"Now was our chance. The scheme to get hold of the treasure was simplified. We were all Englishmen, save one, the cook, a Bermuda nigger, and we had sworn to commit a crime, but we were glad that there was to be no bloodshed. We had now only the native servant to settle with.

"Immediately, therefore, we set to work. A council was held and it was decided to fill the long boat with provisions and row them to shore; we were not utterly heartless, my lad, though we was rascals; and it went against the grain to leave them to starve on a barren island.

"It was a wild, devilish plan and would have worked all right, but God, I cal'late, had a hand in the game. For no sin goes without its punishment in this world, and ours came quickly.

"When all was complete we rowed the long boat to shore, and while one stood with a rifle, the rest unloaded. But there was no need for a guardian. The master had gone into the interior.

"It took five of us to overpower the stalwart Hadji, and then not before three of us were cut up with the long knife he carried. But a blow on the head silenced him at last, and, trussing him up securely, we rowed him to shore and, a rifle and cartridges by his side left him well upon the beach.

"A little later, with the engines beating a steady tune, we tore open the boxes in the cabin. Gold? Jewels? Aye, lad, enough to make us all rich for life

"It couldn't have been an hour later when the lookout sent word below that a strange vessel was bearing down on us, which he thought suspicious. We rushed on deck, and there, sure enough, not a league away, was a great steam yacht changing her course to cut us off In an instant we remembered the master's warnings, the swivel on the forward deck, the rifles stored below. On that boat, no doubt, was the brother of the princess, or one of his command, and a band of savage warriors who would show us no quarter in a fight. We had a crew of twenty-five but, as we had no desire to meet an enemy twice or three times our number, our course was changed. Immediately the stranger altered his course, while we prepared for battle. Two things were in our favor, night was approaching and the barometer was falling.

'Hardly had we turned about however, when we heard a shot and a rifle bullet sang over the wheel, a signal to heave to. We had no idea of this. One crime more added to the one already committed couldn't stain us much blacker. So we trained our little four pounder on the vessel and sent back the answer.

"For a moment we thought they were about to turn; but presently, on she came straight for us, and we knew it was fight. They were faster than us and they kept up a fusilade of small

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arms that ploughed up the deck and sent splinters in all directions.

"Then the fight began in earnest. The sea rose, and as we staggered along at top speed we answered shot for shot with steady earnest. Our little vessel shivered and strained as, smoke begrimed and sweating we fought them. Joel Stairs and Peter Frome had served in the navy, and I can see them to-night stripped to the waist, working the little swivel gun until she was so hot they had to cease and take to the small arms.

"God, it was awful! Our decks were a mass of wreckage. Big Jack Cornish, shot through the lungs, knelt on the deck swearing and coughing blood. The Bermuda nigger lay with his white eyes rolled to the skies, stone dead. Billy Roper, the cookee, cried and moaned his mother's name, with his lower jaw half shot away. Two thirds of our men were wounded.

"A half hour later, at nightfall, they ran us abroad, and a crew of turbaned warriors leaped on our deck. It was every man for himself now and those that were left fought—fought like the fiends we were. God help us all. Twice—three times we fought them back, foot by foot, and the deck was slippery with our blood and theirs. I parried the thrust of a heavy tulwar in the hands of a gigantic Hindoo and swung my rifle for his head. The beggar ducked, and the butt caught him on the shoulder. As he fell I turned my attention to another adversary."

The old man stopped a moment and his eyes scorched through me; then he stooped and tapped his wooden stump with his pipe. "Sonny," says he, in a pathetic voice, "I lost the leg God gave me in that fight. The nigger I'd knocked on the shoulder come to,—I guess he was only half stunned; for suddenly I felt a sharp pain and grew sick. As I fell, my eyes caught sight of my late opponent on his knees on the deck, his great brown hands clutching his bloody, broken tulwar. With one slash of the weapon he had severed flesh and bone of my leg below the knee.

"Sometimes I dream of that night, and always I see that wild face below me, the strong teeth clenched in deadly hate, the great brown hands clutching the broken tulwar.

"'I don't know how long I was unconscious. When I awoke, I at first thought the fight was yet on, but as my senses gradually came to me and I sat up, I realized that only the elements were at war! Overhead, the lightning splashed in chains into the blackness of the night, and the thunder rolled in mighty reverberations. There was no sign of any enemy save those who, stark and stiff, rolled about on the deck beside me. A feeling of sickness came over me and I had much ado to keep from going off again, but I pulled myself together and looked about me. I called.

"There was no answer, only the shriek of the gale; and the vessel rolled and pitched like a dead thing in the trough of the sea. And now, I noticed for the first time, that the engines had ceased, and that there was no sign of any life on the vessel. Horrified, I cried again at the top of my voice. The wind picked it up and carried it into the night.

IN ordering your next lot of groceries be sure to order a supply of ***Knox Plain Gelatine,*** also a supply of ***Knox Acidulated Gelatine,*** which is the same as the plain, except that it contains an envelope of Lemon Flavoring, saving the expense of buying lemons. Each package contains tablet for coloring.

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[

"Over the dead bodies of comrade and foe I crawled on hands and knees sobbing like a child. Were they all gone, dead? Where were the stout seamen who had set out from Liverpool eight weeks before? Some dead, no doubt, others captured to meet some horrible fate. I thought of the master and his sweetheart and Hadji on the island, and I envied them. They at least, were safe, and I thanked God, I who was stained with crime. It was surely the hand of God!

"If ever the vessel weathered the gale how could I work her to a port? and even so, I would be marked for life,—a poor crippled seaman only fit to sit on the docks and answer the questions of children.

"Ay, sonny, it was the hand of God! The ship was deserted save for the dead and me. As I crawled painfully down the companion way I could think of nothing but Joel Stairs and Patience Croft, and the promise he had made to bring back her pretty hands full of Doubloons and pieces-of eight. Poor Joel!

He stopped again. I was trembling like a leaf, but it was not with the cold for the little cylinder stove was red hot.

He raised a crooked finger and held me with his eyes, that had now taken on a peculiar, uncanny stare. "Sonny," says he, "I reached the master's cabin The door was half open and a light burned inside. I heard a voice, plain as I hear my own now, saying; 'It's a bad night, mate,' just like that, and then there was silence. My heart beat wild, and I thanked God that some, at least, of my companions were alive.

"I pushed open the door and crept in, and, as I live, there, before the table, was seated the master, writing on a great sheet of white paper; white I said it were, sonny, and as big as the table, and on his shoulder stood Barbadoes, his crimson parrot; the same that you see now, the very same.

"The master never looked up, just sat there writing; and I grew curious at last and drew myself to the table and raised to one foot. And then I saw that he was making his will. It read 'Lat. —Longitude—off coast of Morocco. I John Rownsly Peterboro, Knight of the County of Sussex, Berkley Place, do bequeath my crimson parrot, Barbadoes, and all my estate, goods and chattels of the same place to Billy Firth, Captain of the Merchant Marine and late of my yacht Barbadoes.'

"I stopped then and noticed that, hanging about the parrot's neck was a large golden locket and in it was his face and hers, Monohirini's; and round and about the edges were set with precious stones, diamonds and rubies and emeralds."

The old man stopped and suddenly leaned his head sideways as though he were listening, and then,—just then, the parrot spoke. "It's a damn lie, thank God—yes," and then the thing laughed.

The man stooped, and grasping the cage, fastened the tarpaulin about it with trembling hands and rising, reached the door with a few creaking steps, shot back the bolt and stepped into the night.

I sat rooted with terror to the stool for a moment, then, for I saw he had dropped something in his flight, I hastened to the door and picked up a small packet wrapped in oil-skin Tearing it open, my eyes were almost dazzled with the sight. A locket, set about with priceless gems, held the face of a man and a beautiful woman

Clasping it to my breast I shoved the door open and searched the dark for the strange figure of the seaman I saw nothing, heard nothing but the dismal bellowing of the fog-horn harbor's mouth, and the sad c[illegible] of the sign above the door

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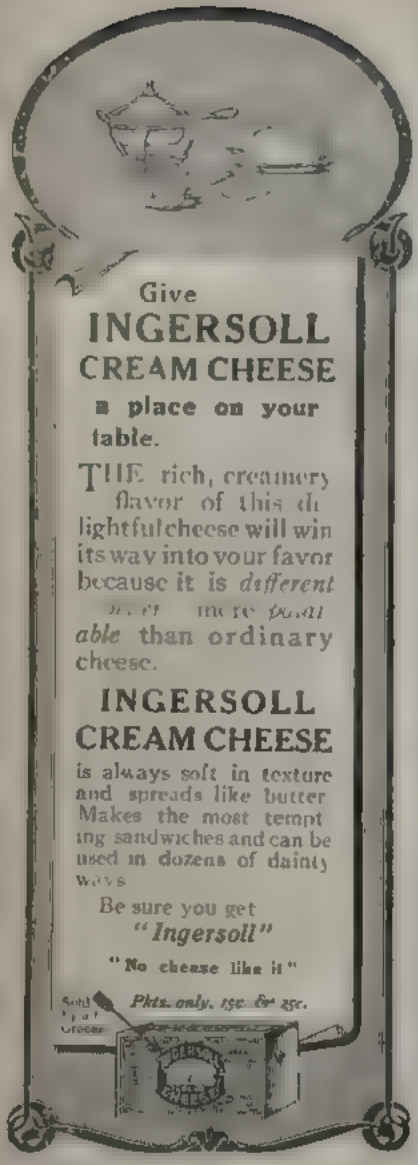

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*This department is under the direction of "Kit," who under this familiar pen name has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelight on life as seen through a woman's eyes.*

### MISTY NOVEMBER

*The wild November comes at last*
*Beneath a veil of rain*
*The night wind blows its folds aside*
*Her face is full of pain*

*The latest of her race, she takes*
*The Autumn's vacant throne*
*She has but one short moon to lwe*
*And she must live alone.*

THE stillness of July and the silence of November mark these two among the months of the year. The distinction between them is like to that between sleep and death—or the better simile might be, between exhaustion and rest. In July, Nature, wearied after her exertions of spring and early summer, takes a siesta. Her trees are full in the leaf, her gardens glow with flowers, the corn and wheat are ripening towards their golden harvest grain. Life is at its fullest. The earth is like a young mother with the ripe fruit of love cradled in her arms. One feels that there is life everywhere, above, below, around. In November one walks abroad into a world of wreckage and mist and fog. Some exquisite gray-gold November days there are in this land where the autumn is of all seasons the loveliest, but for the most part we find lifelessness and decay. Over all the face of nature lies the shadow of death. The emblems of death, the shroud-like mists, the blackening trees, the carpet of dank leaves, the sodden ground, and above all the silence of autumn. Old earth seems to fall into a state of coma, that precursor of death. The pear tree stands bleak and gaunt in the little garden, where, in the night, the ghosts of the dead flowers of summer seem to the watcher looking through the wreaths of mist, to skim along the low borders seeking their old haunts. But it is only the wraith-like trails of fog, through which here and there a vagrant night-moth flits as he makes for the bright beam which the night lamp sheds across the murk below. The nights are chilly without being cold. There is none of the briskness of winter about them. Churchyard nights filled with the earthy smell of decaying leaves. Bare, forlorn days in which one hugs the cheery fireside, and, looking out once in a while at the lingering remnants of discoloured vine that nod and sway upon the garden fence, thinks long thoughts of the summer that has flown—of the many sweet summers that lie like faded flowers on the grave of the forgotten years.

### FAIRY-LAND LORE

NOVEMBER for all its lethargy, its silence, is the month of the fairies. The ructions in Fairyland begin on the last night of October, the night of All Hallows. Then it is that milk and cake, or failing cake, a good "scib" of potatoes is set outside the door for the Good People to take away with them. You may call this talk of fairies a superstition of the Celtic races, but a close study of the old fairy stories unveils the strong probability that they are founded on fact, though garnished extravagantly by the powerful imagination of a poetic people.

An Oxford professor is the authority for the statement that the fairies really existed and were a small race inhabiting the British Isles, or those parts of them (who ever heard of an English fairy!) now known as Scotland and Ireland, before the coming of the Aryans. Regarding these invaders as terrible giants, the little people hid away in natural caves and subterranean haunts from which they came forth in the night for recreation or pillage.

But though that race must have

perished centuries ago; the old, old people will tell the children sitting large-eyed and eager about the turf fire while the November winds are moaning in the creaking larches, and the November rain is tapping furtively on the pane, that there was once a time when the Little People went forth from their caves to do battle for old Ireland. Oh, those tales of enchantment and delight! How the children brought their little stools closer in a circle round the glowing sods and listened to the "ould people" in the corner tell of "Hy-Breasil," the land of the Blessed, and of "Tir-na-n-oge, the land of perpetual youth, where Ossian, the last of the old Fenian heroes of Erin, was transported by a wondrous maiden of unearthly beauty, who, mounting him before her on her white steed, flies with him and his two hounds Bran and Sceoluing, across the ocean to where the deep sea opens and they go down to the most exquisite sea caves where Ossian weds the maiden, the Princess of the land of everlasting youth.

Only to get weary of her—as all the faithless do, and hunger for the old world of woe and pain and little joys, where men and women grow weary and old and fade into the grave.

But, just as you and the Fedlar would find if they went to-morrow to the land of their youth, Ossian found everything changed. Men were preaching the Christian faith throughout Ireland, and the old Druidical worship was no more. A sense of desolation and loneliness overtook him and he determined to return to his beloved princess and the happy Tir-[illegible].

It was then that his fate fell upon him. As he passed Gleamn-a-Smolach —the Glen of the Thrushes—near the Liffey, he saw men building a temple for the new worship. They were fumbling about a big stone, endeavoring in vain to lift it, and had partly raised it when it slipped. Ossian, leaning from his horse caught it and flung it high into place. As he did so, his girths slipped, and snapped with the violent strain of his body. The rider fell. The fairy white horse flew away. Youth, blessed and wonderful Youth, departed, and Ossian lay a blind and withered old man with all the years he had missed in the Land of Youth weighty upon him.

### EARL GERALD AND HOME RULE

THERE was the story of Earl Gerald, which through all the years of stress and strain and feeble joys which have attended a poor pedlar, remains fresh and green to this day.

Here is how an old woman skilled in fairy lore, tells it you may find it written up in fine language, but that is not the way Betty talked:—

"Shure Earl Gerald," she would say, between dhraws of her black dhudheen, "doesn't he dead at all, but only sleeping in his choice place under where his own grand castle used to stand beyant there near the Curragh. It is well known that his sogers are there with him in the big hall. The Earl do be sittin' at the head of a long table and his men down be the side and they all of thim have their heads on the table for 'tis fast asleep they are. Agin the wall do be rows of stalls and every man has his horse in wan of thim. Wance in every sivin years the Earl wakes an' calls for his horse. Then he rides out free as air wid his men behind him. He rides round the Curragh of Kildare, wance, twice and the third time. Then he goes back into his cave and sleeps for another sivin years."

About here Betty would knock the ash off her pipe, refill it with cut twist, and put a live coaleen off of the fire on

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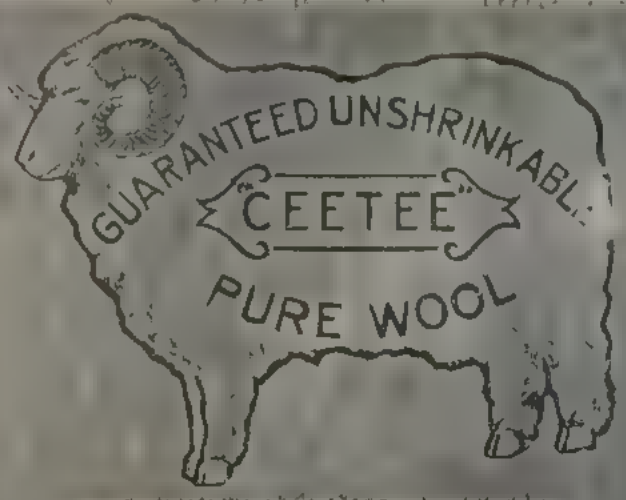


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it. Then after a blast or two to set it going,—"All the worrld knows that when Ireland is set free of th' English—bad scran to thim!—the Earl will come back an' there will be fine doings at the Castle. They'll be roasting pigs whole, and there'll be cauldhrons of cabbage, an' barr'lls o' porther. Lashin's an' lavin's for all comers. May God send the day soon! The way 'twas I heard the story was through me own mother's great gran'-uncle's first cousin. He saw the Earl an' the great Hall.

'It was this-a-way:

"Me mother's great gran'-uncle's first cousin was a bit of a horse-dealer in his way an' fond of the hard sup, too. Wan night he was comin' home from the fair, he saw a door in the hill open, an' he walked in. He was the worse for a glass or two, but he could kape his feet an' his siven sinses for all of it. Well, agra, there he was in a fine big room, with lamps hung in it, an' a row of tattered banners swayin' up high An' the light av the lamps was shinin on the armour of men who sat at a big table asleep, wid their heads on th' table an' behind them were rows of horses all saddled an' bridled ready for th' hunt.

"Faith it was me mother's great gran'-uncle's first cousin that had the fear of God on him that time. He thrimbled so that a bridle that he had in his hand fell wit' a big noise, an' the warrior that was nearest to the poor onshuck of a man raised up his head.

'Is it time?' was what he said.

'Arrah, what time would ye be wanting? Shure 'tis time everybody was asleep an' in bed an' that's where I'm going,' said me mother's great gran'-uncle's first cousin, and wid that he lepped out of the cave an' away wid him. an' thry as he would for ever afther he never could find the door again."

Staring into the red heat of the fire, the children could see the door in the hill, and it was wide open and the firelight was shining on the steel helmets of men who sat in rows with their heads on the table.

"But, as sure as I'm dhrawin' this pipe, childer alanna, an' I lay me in me narrow bed, the day'll come when they'll free ould Ireland an' Earl Gerald will ride out at the head of his min, an' tie the green flag wid the harp on the top of his castle tower an' it will curl in the win'. God bless it! and wave bold and proud for all it's so long down in the dirt."

And here's to your memory, old Betty, long laid in your narrow bed. One of the children, maybe, will be here to throw a hat in the air the day Home Rule comes, if but for love of you, darling old woman, who taught us how to live for ever in the land of Tir-na-n-oge.

### WAISTCOATS

THE Suffragettes are gradually gaining ground. Mrs. Pankhurst has decided that militant methods must be abandoned, and a Castle of Peace, so to speak, be erected upon a Cellar of War. To this end, no doubt, may be attributed the gradual encroachment of women on things masculine, even to clothes. The extreme skirt of the moment is as near to trousers as a mere skirt may go. And now we've taken to wearing waist and morning coats. Not that the waistcoat is a new comer. The Pedlar wore one when he was playing at being a young lady. But they were mere vestings compared with the magnificent effort of to-day. The Pedlar adores waistcoats. He has made a study of the waistcoats of romance and history, and has hung them in a dream closet along with many another fabric made of gossamer and fancy.

Let us look in upon them. Here are two which belonged to bluff King Hal. His best" of cloth of silver, quilted with black silk, and stuffed out with fine camerike." His second, a sleeved white satin "embroidered with Venice silver." This he wore the day he wedded Anne Boleyn, that care-free and flirtatious maid who died shortly after of a malady of the throat.

But what were these in splendour as compared with the scarlet waistcoat, embroidered with golden bees, worn by Queen Elizabeth's Essex, or with Jos. Sedley's magnificent crimson satin sewn with gold butterflies, or with the great and good Dr. Johnson's vest of scarlet and gold lace which he wore the first night of "Irene?" These were weskits as were weskits

Which reminds us of Dickens. The cult of the waistcoat was a favorite one with the Genius of London. Not only does it take an important part in every Dickens novel, but the author himself was partial to waistcoats, and was, when over forty, pronounced irrecognizable "without his bright waistcoat." Once when giving one of his famous readings, Dickens appeared in a white and black or magpie waistcoat which created a strong sensation. The novelist was delighted when he heard people about asking one another "What is it? Is it a vest?" "No, it's a shirt," all of which he took to be very complimentary and gratifying.

Not satisfied with his own, and Sam Weller's waistcoats, Dickens once wrote to Macready about one. "You wore it," he says "in 'Money'. It was a remarkable and precious waistcoat, wherein certain broad stripes of blue or purple disported themselves as by a combination of extraordinary circumstances, too happy to occur again. I saw it with feelings easier to be imagined than described." And then Dickens goes on to tell the actor that he has need of just such a waistcoat to show to his artist who cannot imagine such a paragon. Will Macready let him show it as a sample of what the writer wants? Macready did, and Dickens went to a wedding in that waistcoat and eclipsed the bridegroom!

### MORE WAISTCOATS

THUS we get in Dickens—or rather from him, the psychology of the waistcoat. You remember that vest of Tigg Montague when he sat as chairman of the Anglo-Bengalee? "Flowers of gold and blue and green and blushing red were on his waistcoat." Then the porter of the Anglo-Bengalee, Bellamy, in his "vast red waistcoat." A practical weskit that not only got a man a good place on his own terms, which were high, but actually doubled the respectability of the concern with every square inch of it that was exposed to view. "The whole charm was in his waistcoat." Some sense in a business waistcoat of that sort.


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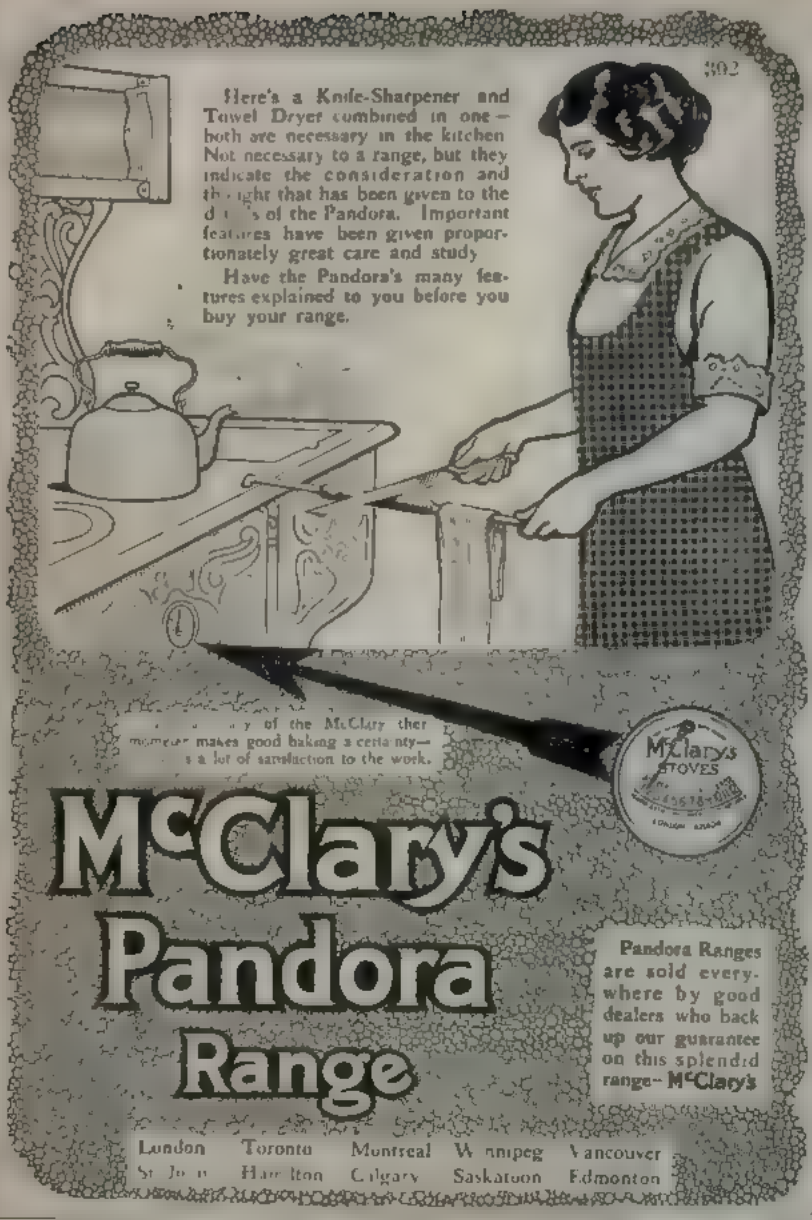
302
Here's a Knife-Sharpener and Towel Dryer combined in one—both are necessary in the kitchen. Not necessary to a range, but they indicate the consideration and thought that has been given to the details of the Pandora. Important features have been given proportionately great care and study.
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As to the ladies. There were no suffragettes in the time of Evelyn or Pepys, but an item in the milliner's bill of Evelyn's cousin reads "one j waistcoat." What the j stands for we dare not surmise. It was the blue and white riding waistcoat of another lady that suggested the colours of a uniform for the Royal Navy. So you see the waistcoat is not without fame. But talking of that there are three waistcoats which are historically famous and as such stand alone.

The most famous in England is the yellowed jersey vest with its faded lace that Nelson wore aboard the Victory. The most expensive waistcoat was another kersey with snuff-stained pockets over which the first Napoleon buttoned his green coat—but perhaps the one that cost Britain most was the vest of "figured Manchester velvet" which Franklin took off when "His Majesty had no further occasion for his services as Deputy Post-master," and which he put on nine years later when a certain treaty was signed that lost America to England.

Looking deeper into our waistcoat cupboard we espy one worn by the second Charles in 1679; an affair of white and silver worn by the poet Shenstone; divers vests of Beau Brummell, and some wonders of young Mr. Disraeli, which we must bring into the light. Dizzy evidently looked on the waistcoat as a medium for advertisement. He had a prodigious assortment of them. When he went on his first tour, he heard on landing at Gibraltar, of King William's death. "It will be the ruin of my dress waistcoats," he wrote: "I am deeply grieved." Lady Dufferin beheld him years later, at an evening party, in purple satin trousers and scarlet waistcoat. Once he wore three—a crimson velvet, a white, and a plum red, reminding one of the first gravedigger in Hamlet who takes off—the deuce knows how many—before delving. There are waistcoats galore in Thackeray. You remember how gorgeously Harry was breasted when he went after Miss Amory, and how fond Pendennis was of the figure he cut in a splendid new vest.

Then there is Jeames's waistcoat—ample and magnificent and the proud vest of the clerk, and there is also the strait waistcoat—but we close the cupboard door upon that horrifying garment. What business hath it among the flaunting breastings of Royalty and Romance?

## EUGENICS

THE serious world is busy studying eugenics. It is in its reading, its lectures, its conversation. Talk for a little with one of those progressives whose strange desire it is to schoolmaster the world, and you will find yourself in a few minutes floundering about in eugenics. Time was, and not

so long ago, when people asked the meaning of this new term. Now every school-marm knows it. Eugenics is to be taught in the schools. It is to preside over the wedding feast. Possibly we will find it at funerals, forbidding the burial of the dead, and pointing sternly to the crematory. Assuredly it is present in its most aseptic form at every birth of any importance.

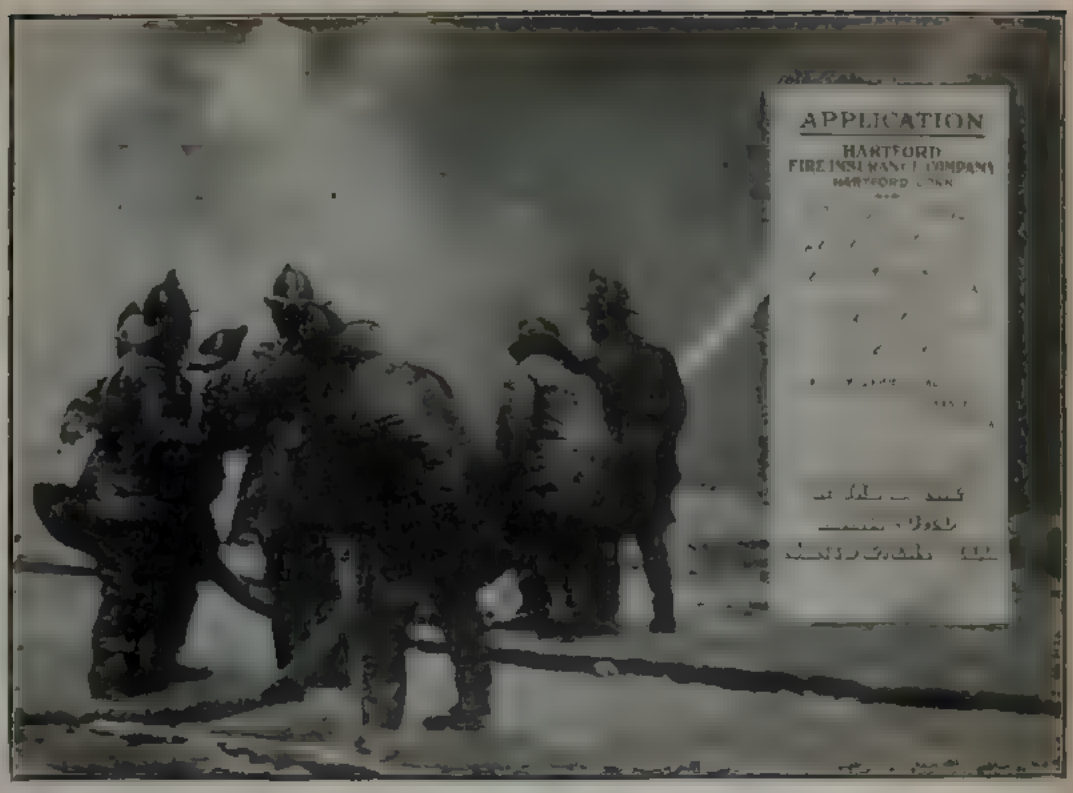
I think we should call upon Burbank to explain. He or some other wise horticulturist experimenting with vetches—or was it peas?—succeeded in convincing himself that he got certain results from cross fertilizing, and immediately put forth the axiom: "If this be true of vegetable life, why not of animal? and if animal, why not human life?"

The world, weary of this philosophy and that—seized upon the new invention, and lecturer, writer, cleric, school master, all came forward to push the new theory—and the foremost agitators for racial purity are, we venture to say, either single persons, or people who are married but childless.

We have ever found the single woman to be the "wisest" adviser in the matter of feeding babies and bringing up the children. The dear soul tells the mothers—with the most honest simplicity—what to do for little Johnnie when he is teething, and explains with delightful ingenuousness why Baby won't sleep of nights, or permit anyone else in the house to get a wink. Old Maidy knows all about it. She could give pointers to every mother in the land as to how to hold the baby, to dress him, to feed him. But her fingers are icy, her breast barren. What does she—can she—know of the everlastingness of mother-love, of the strange secrets that Love whispers in the ear of the little mother whose warm arms are cradled about the wonderful human atom that lies within them. So it is with eugenics. It is the fad of the moment. It is the favoured topic with the single woman lecturer. You will not hear much about it from the doctors, except from those professional gentlemen who write for the magazines.

But let us look at it from the other side for a moment.

We hear a great deal about the mentally defective. We have statistics and [illegible] pointing to [illegible] we [illegible] the [illegible] this question of [illegible] *known* to reduce what is commonly [illegible] Who is to judge the mentally defective? Assuredly not some narrow-minded pedagogue of set ideas who has [illegible] and [illegible] Heaven [illegible] find willing to preach the gospel of how it should be done to tell us what [illegible] but they are neither mad nor half [illegible] Who is without beam or mote in his own [illegible] What [illegible] If the [illegible] survive what of the non-competent, non-producing class, of the crowds of [illegible]



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these be permitted to mate and bring children to life? Must all the sinners be eliminated for all time and only the saints be permitted to rule the world—a dull world, indeed!

Take the questions of large families. It is noteworthy that the brainiest people have fewest children. But in any family great or small, what mental dissimilarity exists even though physical likeness is apparent! Why should the offspring of the same pair be so different in the matter of temperament, or mental efficiency? Why should a genius be found among a flock of commonplace children? Apart from genius, which we know to be rare—how is it that one alone out of four or five children will make headway, and ultimately win a brilliant success of life while his brethren remain among the failures? They have had the same educational advantages and the same environment, the same parental love and care, but one or two have flown to the stars while the others remain gaping on the ground? There is, as we said before but one known and sure law that will reduce resistance, mental and physical—consanguinity. Every cattle breeder, every fancier who goes in for the best in dog or cat or pigeon is wary of the dangers of inbreeding. Yet in every argument which has so far come under our notice in the matter of eugenics we have not seen this point—the actual one—mooted. Consanguinity does not, of course, account for all the world's human failures—for the syphilitic, the insane, the drunkard, but neither should these be blamed on heredity but rather on habit. Men run themselves upon these rocks, and though eugenics were to regenerate the world for one generation, it would depend on the will of man himself that the purity of the race be continued. Not until sin is removed will man be perfect. As long as drink and lust and dire poverty remain, so long will we have degenerates and failures. Man alone—in his own person and by his own will—can redeem himself. That eugenics will help, few will doubt—but all the eugenics that ever were taught or enforced will not cleanse the Augean stable in which humanity rots. That cleansing must be done by every human Atom for himself. Only thus will it benefit the whole.

---

An English tourist was sightseeing in Ireland and the guide had pointed out the Devil's Gap, the Devil's Peak and the Devil's Leap to him. "Pat," he said (all English tourists call Irish peasants "Pat," just as they call little boys "Tommy"), "the devil seems to have a great deal of property in this district!"

"He has, sir," replied the guide, "but sure, he's like all the landlords—he lives in England."


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Wilson's Invalids' Port Wine, a big bracing tonic, will renew your flagging optimism because it clears away yesterday's cobwebs from the brain, conquers nerve exhaustion, corrects and strengthens weak digestion and assimilation, and permantly energizes and invigorates the flaccid muscles. Doctors know!

ASK YOUR DOCTOR
BIG BOTTLE ALL DRUGGISTS


Sylvia Pankhurst will be known in history as the person who wouldn't open her mouth while in jail and wouldn't shut it while at large.

A young lady who had no knowledge of nautical phrases, asked a friend: "Do you know, I often wonder why a ship has to weigh its anchor every time it leaves port." The young man hesitated, but plunged gallantly in. "Why—er—the weight is constantly changing, you know, because of the—er—binnacles and things that accumulate on the anchor."

## The Yankee Bar

Continued from page 22.

jurists of four nations, was in keeping with the spirit of the convention, for the purpose of presiding on that occasion. North America cannot and should not soon forget that gowned procession which entered the Hall. Strathcona and McDonald led, followed by Haldane and White; Taft and Borden came arm in arm; Ex-Ambassador Choate and the Canadian Minister of Justice walked side by side; these men received the degrees in person, while Senator Root who was absent in Europe in connection with the work of the Hague Tribunal and Maitre Labori, who was confined to his room with a sprained ankle, received the degrees "in absenti." The mention of the name of the defender of Dreyfus brought forth applause from the American lawyers, and generous evidences of appreciation from his assembled compatriots of the Province of Quebec

The Lord Chancellor hurried away the night of the first day to be with his Great Seal. He is a bachelor and evidently married to it. Then the convention settled down to professional discussions of no general interest to the laity. But the personality and the one day of the Lord Chancellor in North America, had been sufficient to make his concluding words ring around the World:—

"And now I have expressed what I had in my mind. Your welcome to me has been indeed a generous one and I shall carry the memory of it back over the Atlantic. But the occasion has seemed to me significant of something beyond even its splendid hospitality. I have [illegible] that extends beyond the [illegible]

I mean the desire that we should steadily direct our thoughts to how we can draw into closest harmony the nations of a race in which all of us have a common pride. If that be now a far-spread inclination, then indeed may the people of three great countries say to Jerusalem 'Thou shall be built,' and to the temple, 'Thy foundation shall be laid.'"

## Unwilling Eve

Continued from page 31

The blood leaped into her face.

"Oh!" she gasped, "I never dreamed that even such a man as you would compare me with—with a creature like that!"

"Such a man as me!" repeated Blake, staring. "What do you mean? I know I'm not much of a ladies' man; but to be yanked up like this when a fellow is trying to pay a compliment—well, it's not just what you'd call pleasant."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Blake. I misunderstood"

"That's all right, Miss Jenny! I don't ask any lady to beg my pardon. The only thing is I don't see why you should flare out at me that way."

For a full minute she sat, with down-bent head, her face clouded with doubt and indecision. At last she bravely raised her eyes to meet his.

"Do you wonder that I am not quite myself?" she asked. "You should remember that I have always had the utmost comforts of life, and have been cared for— Don't you see how terrible it is for me? And then the death of—of—"

"I can't be sorry for that!"

"But even you felt how terrible it was . . . and then— Oh, surely, you must see how—how embarrassing"

It was Blake's turn to look down and hesitate. She studied his face, her bosom heaving with quick-drawn breath; but she could make nothing of his square jaw and firm-set lips. His eyes were concealed by the brim of his leaf hat. When he spoke, seemingly, it was to change the subject: "Guess you saw me making my hut.

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Some doors have old locks that need help at times. Other doors stand unlocked because someone forgets to turn the key. "Light on Latches" tells how simple it is to prevent such occurrences

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I'm fixing it so it'll do me even when it rains."

Had he been the kind of man that she had been educated to consider as alone entitled to the name of gentleman, she could have felt certain that he had intended the remark for a delicately worded assurance. But was Tom Blake, for all his blunt kindliness, capable of such tact? She chose to consider that he was.

"It's a cunning little bungalow. But will not the rain flood you out?"

"It's going to have a raised floor. You're more like to have the rain drive in on you again. I'll have to rig up a porch over your door. It won't do to stuff up the hole. You've little enough air as it is. But that can wait a while. There's other work more pressing. First, there's the barricade. By the time that's done, those hyena skins will be cured enough to use. I've got to have new trousers soon, and new shoes, too."

"I can do the sewing, if you will cut out the pattern."

"No; I'll take a stagger at it myself first. I'd rather you'd go egging. You need to run around more, to keep in trim."

"I feel quite well now, and I am growing so strong! The only thing is this constant heat."

"We'll have to grin and bear it. After all, it's not so bad, if only we can stave off the fever. Another reason I want you to go for eggs is that you can take your time about it, and keep a look-out for steamers."

"Then you think—"

"Don't screw up your hopes too high. We've little show of being picked up by a chance boat on a coast with reefs like this. But I figure that if I was in your daddy's shoes, it'd be high time for me to be cabling a ship to run up from Natal, or down from Zanzibar, to look around for jettison, et cetera."

"I'm sure papa will offer a big reward."

"Second the motion! I've a sort of idea I wouldn't mind coming in for a reward myself."

"You? Oh, yes; to be sure. Papa is generous, and he will be grateful to any one who—"

"You think I mean his dirty money!" broke in Blake, hotly.

Her confusion told him that he had not been mistaken. His face, only a moment since bright and pleasant, took on its sullenest frown.

Miss Leslie rose hurriedly, and started along the cleft.

"Hello!" he called. "Not going for eggs now, are you?"

She did not reply.

"Hang it all, Miss Jenny! Don't go off like that."

"May I ask you to excuse me, Mr. Blake? Is that sufficient?"


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Ask Your Druggist for It.
Accept no Substitute!

PREPARED ONLY BY
LANMAN & KEMP.
NEW YORK AND MONTREAL.


"Sufficient? It's enough to give a fellow a chill! Come now; don't go off mad. You know I've a quick temper. Can't you make allowances?"

"You've—you've no right to look so angry, even if I did misunderstand you. You misunderstood me!" She caught herself up with a half sob. His silence gave her time to recover her composure. She continued with excessive politeness, "Need I repeat my request to be excused, Mr. Blake?"

"No; once is enough! But honest,

now, I didn't mean to be nasty."

"Good-day, Mr. Blake."

"Oh, da-darn it, good-day!" he groaned.

When, a few minutes later, she returned, he was gone. He did not come back until some time after dark, when she had withdrawn to her lean-to for the night. His hands were bleeding from thorn scratches; but after a hasty supper, he went back down the cleft to build up the new wall of the barricade with the great stack of fresh thorn-brush that he had gathered during the afternoon.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### THE END OF THE WORLD.

In the morning he met Miss Leslie with a sullen bearing, which, however, did not altogether conceal his desire to be on friendly terms. Having regained her self-control, she responded to this with such tact that by evening each felt more at ease in the new relationship, and Blake had lost every trace of his moroseness. The fact that both were passionately fond of music proved an immense help. It gave them an impersonal source of mutual sympathy and understanding,— a common meeting-ground in the world of art and culture, apart from and above the plane of their material wants.

Yet for all his enjoyment of the girl's wide knowledge of everything relating to music, Blake took care that their talks and discussions did not interfere with the activities of their primitive mode of life. As soon as he had finished with the barricade, he devoted himself to his tailoring and shoemaking; while Miss Leslie, between her cooking and wood-gathering and daily visits to the cliff for eggs, had much to occupy both her thoughts and her hands.

At first every ascent of the cliff was embittered by a painful consciousness of the cairn over the north edge. Fortunately it was not in sight from the direct path to the headland, and, as she refrained from visiting it, the new happenings of her wild life soon thrust Winthrope and his death out of the foreground of her thoughts. Each day she had to nerve herself to meet the beaks and wings of the despoiled nest-owners; each day she looked with greater hope for the expected rescue ship, only to be increasingly disappointed.

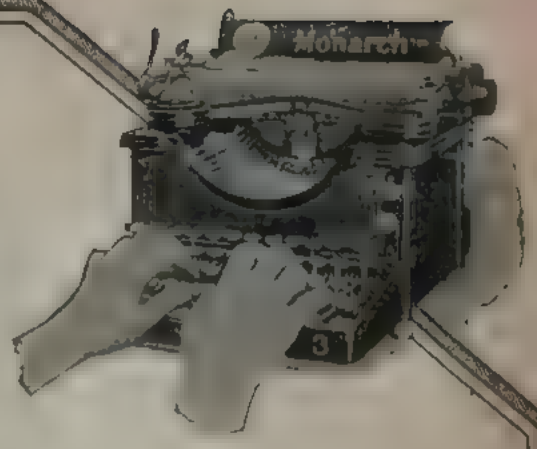
But the hours she spent on the cliff crest after gathering the day's supply of eggs were not spent merely in watching and longing. The inconvenience of carrying the eggs in a handkerchief or in one of the heavy jars suggested a renewal of her attempt at basket-making. Memory, perseverance, and a trace of inventiveness enabled her to produce a small but serviceable hamper of split bamboo.

Encouraged by this success she gathered a quantity of tough, wiry grass, and wove a hat to take the place of the flimsy palm-leaf makeshift. The result was by no means satisfactory with regard to style, its shape being intermediate between a Mexican sombrero and a funnel; but aside from its appearance, she could not have wished for a more comfortable headcover. Before showing it to Blake, she wove a second one for him, so that they were able to cast aside the grotesque, palm-leaf affairs at the same time.

The following morning Blake appeared in an outfit to match her leopard-skin dress. He had singed off the hair of the hide out of which he had made his moccasins, and his hyena-skin trousers quite matched the bristling stubble on his face.

"Hey, Miss Jenny!" he hailed; "what d' you think of this for fancy needlework?"

"Splendid! You're the very picture of an Argentine vaquer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in the rapid operation of a typewriter. The force expended on each key-stroke is the factor which determines *the size of the day's work.*

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On the average typewriter the touch is an *incidental thing.* On the Monarch it is *THE fundamental thing.* The machine is literally *built around the touch.* The long levers, the creeping fulcrum, the straight line pull—all of these are factors in the *Light Touch* for which the Monarch is famous.

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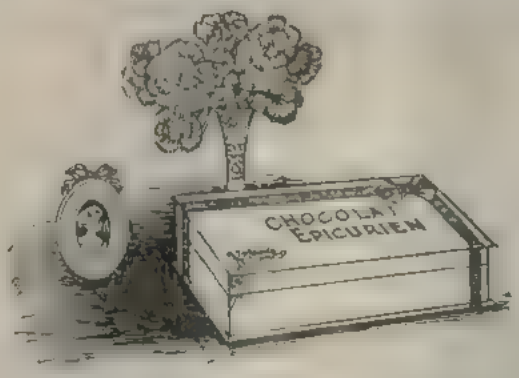


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**THE SHERLOCK-MANNING PIANO CO.,**

London (No street address necessary) Canada

"Greaser?—ugh! Let me get back to the Weary Willy pants!"

"I mean you are very picturesque."

"That's it, is it? Glad I've got something to call your leopardine gown that won't make you huffy."

"We can at least call our costumes serviceable, and mine has proved much cooler than I expected."

"But our new hats beat all for that—regular sunshades. What do you say?— there's a good breeze— Let's take a hike."

"Not to the river! The very thought of that dreadful snake—"

"No; just the other way. I've been thinking for some time that we ought to run down to that south headland, and take a squint at the coast beyond. Ten to one, it's another stretch of swamps, but—"

"You think there is a chance we may find a town?"

"About one chance in a million, even for a native village. The slave trade wiped the niggers off this coast, and I guess those that hit out up-country ran so hard they haven't been able to get back yet."

"But it has been years since the slave trade was forbidden."

"And they don't sell beer on Sunday—oh, no! I'll bet the dhows still over from Madagascar when the moon is in the right quarter. At any rate, niggers are mighty scarce or mighty shy around here. I've kept a watch for smoke, and haven't seen a suspicion of it anywhere. Maybe the swamps swing around inland and cut off this strip of coast. It looked that way to me when I made that trip along the ridge. But there's a chance it used to be inhabited, and we may run across an abandoned village."

"I do not see that the discovery would do us any good."

"How about the chance of grain or bananas still growing? But that's all a guess. We're going because we need a change."

She nodded, and hastened to prepare breakfast, while he packed a skin bag with food, and examined the slender tips of his arrows. As a matter of precaution, he had been keeping them in the cigarette case, where the points would be certain of a coat of the sticky poison and at the same time guarded against inflicting a chance wound. But as he was now about to set out on a journey, he fitted tips into the heads of his two straightest shafts.

The morning was still fresh when they closed the barricade behind them and descended to the pool. There was no game in sight, but Blake had no wish to hunt at the commencement of the trip. The steady southwest wind had blown the sky clear of its malarial haze, and gave promise of a day which should know nothing of

Continued on page 71.

# Accept Howard E. Coffin's 1914 Automobile Review—We'll Send It!

NO AUTOMOBILE buyer should fail to read Mr. Coffin's Automobile Review.

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He explains the reasons for their smoothness and why they are so desirable. With diagrams and in the clearest language he makes you understand why so many makers are now manufacturing sixes exclusively.

He tells about wire wheels and wood wheels—about left side drive and right side drive—about electric and other gear shifts—streamline bodies—speedometer drive—new things in lighting, and other features embodied in the 1914 designs.

No man is more eminently qualified to prepare such a review. Mr. Coffin's reputation as an engineer, and his many contributions to the progress of the automobile industry as a designer of many successful cars, and a contributor to engineering literature make this review authentic.

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It approaches a new ideal with its true streamline body—135 inch wheelbase—long underslung rear springs—left drive and centre control—electric gear shift—left hand steering—and a new improved Delco system—left hand drive—centre control—one entrance to the driver's seat from either side. These are features that make the HUDSON SIX 54 a prominent car in the 1914 announcements.

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**HUDSON Six 54, $2,950**

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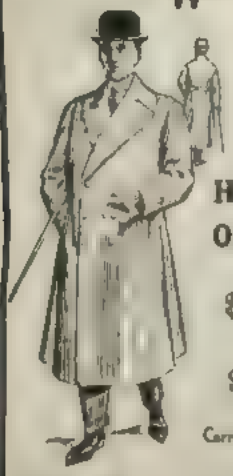
Five Wire Wheels $100 extra



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We sell our "Lion" Cloth by the yard to tailors and others all over the World at $3-20 the coat length, and will be glad to send a full range of patterns to anyone who desires to buy the cloth in this way

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# *Pat Burns Cattlemen*

Continued from page 25

one as puts up any roar about the chuck takes my place."

This proposition was agreed to and the new cook took up his disagreeable duties. When the men came in for dinner they found a huge dish of bean soup awaiting them as the first course. When O'Hara put the first spoonful into his mouth he jumped to his feet and yelled: "Damn them beans, they're that salt they'd tie a knot in yer tongue. As he turned from the tent door whence he had gone to empty his mouth, he noticed that the other men were eating the beans as though they were the greatest of delicacies and bethought himself after it was too late. "But I'm fond o' salt soup, so I am," he hastened to add and sat down and swallowed the beans with their bath of brine as stoically as the others. But his effort at recovery was in vain; the cook maintained that he had cussed the beans, thereby, according to the compact, forfeiting the chaps for the apron. The other cowboys backed him up in this and O'Hara reluctantly took posssion of the pots and pans. His first thought was to duplicate his predecessor's ruse, but he overheard several conversations, intended for his ears, in which dire persecutions were planned, ready for execution, in case the cook committed any more foolishness.

Now O'Hara was not a coward, but he was more cautious than he would have been on his native heath; everything was strange to him; the wild, measureless prairie kept his imagination active and, moreover, he had already had one experience with cow country retribution. When he first came among the cattlemen, he talked too much about the spirited hunters he had broken to ride for gentlemen in the old country. When he was about to begin his first day's herding, the horse wrangler generously offered him first choice as the cowboys gathered to get their mounts. The wrangler moved them slowly so that he could get a good look at them. As the foreman's favorite horse came out to the edge of the bunch he caught O'Hara's eye at once. His sire was an English thoroughbred; his mother, a wild prairie cayuse that had never felt the touch of spur, bit or saddle. He was a buckskin with four white feet and legs white to the knees, a blazed face and eyes that showed white rims about dark centers.

"Now, there's a hoss fer yez," said O'Hara, "he's the most like a thoroughbred I've seen since I left Ireland."

'I supposed you'd be pickin' out somethin' hard to ride to show us how they do it in Ireland," said the wrangler. "That's the quietest hoss in the bunch, I'll have no need o' ropin' him." Hanging his lariat over the horn of his saddle, he took O'Hara's bridle, stepped over to the buckskin, bridled him and led him up to O'Hara. O'Hara looked him over admiringly, felt the hard muscles of his forearm and patted his neck caressingly. "He'll do! be gorry he's fit fer a gentleman's ridin' anny place." As O'Hara threw the saddle on and drew the cinches tight, the buckskin was quietly picking grass


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as though quite unconcerned in what was going on. O'Hara mounted but the horse kept on grazing and seemed reluctant to leave the grass.

"He's lazy, O'Hara, you'll have to wake him up with the spurs, "suggested one of the cowpunchers.

O'Hara acted upon the suggestion. He never knew what the horse did, for the next second found him describing a parabola, high in the air like a skyrocket and skyrocket-like he lit on his head with his heels in the air. He lost connection with events for a time. When he finally regained consciousness, he was deeply impressed by the cowboys' heartlessness as they laughed uproariously over his dismay to find that he saw double. There were two of everything he looked at and the landscape, men, horses and cattle, seemed to be jumbled up in a hopeless muddle, but time and cold water slowly brought his optics into proper relationship and objects finally shifted into their accustomed perspective. The remembrance of this experience deepened the effect of the threats which he overheard. Accordingly he continued to discharge his duties as cook, but it was work to which he was not accustomed and in order to do it satisfactorily he was compelled to work over hours.

During his first week as cook the outfit camped near a large spring in a draw covered with willow while the prairie about it was an unbroken expanse of grass land. Sam Dunlap, the negro driver of the chuck wagon, was in the habit of turning his mules loose to graze about the camp. The wrangler found them a nuisance in the horse bunch and either from attachment to Sam or the wagon they never strayed far. One evening O'Hara finished up his dish washing after supper later than usual and started down to the spring for two pails of water to be used in cooking breakfast in the morning. As is often the case in Alberta, even in midsummer, after the sun went down the wind grew chilly. The mules went into the willows to hunt for a quiet place to lie down, out of the wind. While O'Hara was dipping the water out of the spring, one of the mules selected the path from the camp to the spring as the most fitting place for the night's repose, as it was one of the few places in the draw free from willows. He had just gotten himself well settled when O'Hara started back to camp. As he had been working for some time by the camp lights, his eyes were not accustomed to the darkness and he was following the path more from force of habit than by sight. As he was late and in a hurry he stumbled over the mule without seeing him, giving him an ice cold bath with the spring water. The mule bounded to his feet with a terrified bray, hurling O'Hara in a headlong somersault into the bush and crashed off through the brush as though he were running from a prairie fire. Mules were something new in O'Hara's experience and he did not recognize in his terrified victim's voice, anything which he had ever heard before. He scrambled to his feet and with all the speed he could muster rushed, hatless and breathless, into camp where he told a wild tale of the narrow escape he had had from a fearful creature as large as an elephant with a voice louder than Gabriel's trumpet.

The riders took up the cue and entered into an impromptu contest to see who could tell the most bloodcurdling, hair raising yarn about prairie hobgoblins, and night-walking spirits of Indians slain in old tribal wars. One fellow was quite thoroughly convinced that O'Hara had encountered the spirit of an old chief of the Stony Indians, noted for bloody atrocities in

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Home portraits by daylight or flashlight, developing and Velox printing—each has its fascination.

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the torture of captured enemies, who had been killed while attempting to get water at the spring during a battle with the white men of a wagon train which had camped there when the first settlers came to Alberta. O'Hara was noticably affected. The cowpunchers observed that he did not go back to get his hat nor to fill his water pails for morning. The prairie which had been to him a vast empty loneliness which inspired him with nothing but the fear that he might get lost in it, now began to be peopled by his imagination with a host of dreadful creatures. As daylight faded into night, the uncertain light transformed moving objects in the distance into veritable confirmation of the worst things he had imagined. O'Hara's experience and the cowboy's fiction to which he eagerly listened, made as marked an impression on the negro teamster as it did on O'Hara.

To the practiced eye of the foreman it was evident that he was in danger of losing the second cook as well as his teamster if the cowpunchers were allowed to continue their pranks unchecked. He painted as dire a picture as possible for them, of the camp short of riders and without cook or teamster. The dread of over-work and the possibility of being compelled to take the place of either O'Hara or the negro forced caution upon even the most thoughtless; but when the season was nearly over and they had returned to the spring where the mule had so frightened O'Hara and only a few days lay between them and the edge of the range, perhaps it was association of ideas that brought back the desire to torment O'Hara and the negro. They found the skeleton of a buffalo, bleached in the sun till it was as white as chalk. They attached the bones to a stake so that when it was driven into the ground the remains of the buffalo looked like the skeleton of a huge man or devil if one took the horns into account.

That evening the cowboys were amusing themselves by hurling at each other whatever came handiest when a boot fell, plunk, into the drinking water; at once a clamor arose for fresh drinking water.

"Go on wid yez," said O'Hara, "ef yez will be after dirtin' the wather yez can drink it dirty." But the cowpunchers, to a man, set up a howl for water and O'Hara had learned that when they were a unit in any demand it paid to concede to their wishes. However, remembering his former experience in getting water from this spring in the dark, he induced Sam to go with him. In the meantime the skeleton had been set up at the turn in the trail where O'Hara had his former experience with the ghost of the Stony Indian. The eye sockets of the skeleton had been rubbed with matches till they glowed with a cold fire. As O'Hara

and the negro turned the bend in the trail, the white, fiery eyed skeleton suddenly confronted them. They dropped the pails and gripped each other in an embrace of terror. They froze to the spot, utterly unable to move till something touched them from behind; as they looked around, a huge dark creature, resembling a man, towered above them, fire and smoke issuing from its nostrils, eyes and mouth, They were worse than between the devil and the deep sea, they were between two devils. With a whoop that only a negro can utter, Sam bounded away across the prairie like a coyote, O'Hara doing his best to keep up to him.

When they finally discovered that nothing was following them and sank down on the grass exhausted, away back in the distance, in the direction of the camp, they heard the uproarious laughter of the cowpunchers. At once it dawned upon them that they were the victims of a cowboy joke and began to plan vengeance

"Do you know what I's gwine do ?" said Sam. "I's gwin' light right out o' here an' leab 'em widout no driber. Dem cowpunchers t'ink dey's mighty knowin' bout hosses, but dey ain't none ob 'em kin dribe dat Rastus mule. Yo's got to know jes' how ter talk de proper talk ter 'im an' yo's got ter han'le 'im jes' so, er he ain't gwine pull nothin.' He ain't gwine tech de collar, no how. '

"How will yez hike widout a hoss ?" said O'Hara. "I'd like to have a picture o' yez, when a bunch o' range steers got sight o' yez, an' it wouldn't make no difference how hard yez scratched grass yez couldn't keep out from under foot o'thim, an' it's jist three days aff o' payday. I've no mind to lave me summer's wages behint me. There's mor'n drivin' mules thet them cowpunchers don't know. At least it's meself as will find out what they know about the foin awld game o' sparring."

O'Hara started for the camp as though he already had his eye on the fellow in the other corner of the ring. He was the real O'Hara then. The mystery of the prairie had begun to wear off and had lost some of its grip on his imagination; he had learned to ride a bucking horse and was beginning to believe in himself again. As he entered the camp with Sam at his heels, he was greeted with a burst of derisive laughter.

"Is it laughin' yez air?" he said, "an' it's meself as thought yez'ud be weepin'."

The cowpunchers were too wary; no one bit; but Clanahan, willing to give a fellow countryman a lift and fearful lest he lose his cook, accommodatingly inquired: "How's that, O'Hara ?"

"Why, Sam here, is after tellin' me thet DeMar is drownded."

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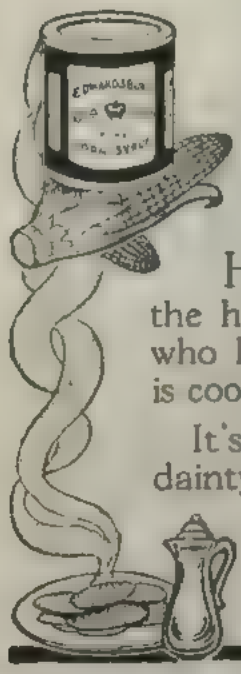
DeMar was the smallest man in the outfit, only five feet two, but a good rider and cattleman. By way of compensation he and McDougal were pals, always together when off the herd. McDougal stood six feet four in his stockings, lean, sinewy and so muscular that he could pick a calf up from the ground and lay it across his saddle in front of him without dismounting. As a prodigious tobacco chewer he was principally noted for the enormous amount of tobacco juice his crater emitted at a single eruption, and as Clanahan enquired how DeMar got drowned, O'Hara answered: "McDougal spit on 'im."

Everyone understood this as a challenge to McDougal who was not slow in accepting it as he had unbounded confidence in his great strength. O'Hara was of the type which has usually worn the belt of the world's championship. He was a fraction of an inch under six feet tall, was deep chested and heavily muscled, had a short, strong neck and a square jaw. He was capable of standing almost any amount of punishment



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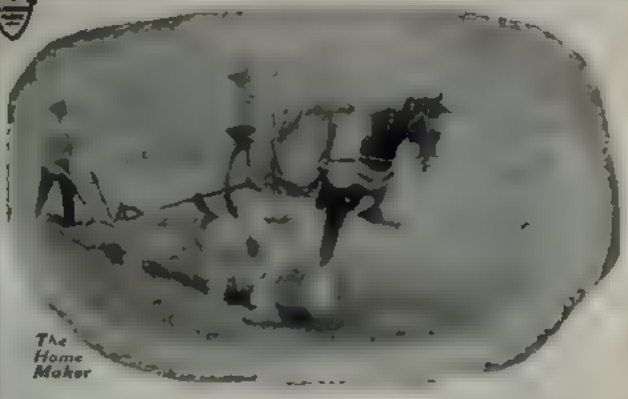
and able to strike blows that would tell, even on the strongest, when his opportunity came. He had been in training in Ireland and fought according to approved tactics. McDougal had never been whipped, but he owed his success entirely to his tremendous strength and reckless courage. Understanding that O'Hara's last speech was intended for him, he roared: "Shut yer ugly yap er I'll spread it all over yer face."

"An' that would be kind o' yez," said O'Hara, "fer I've always been told it was too small. If yez can't find it, it's right here," and placing his index finger on his mouth he stepped up in front of McDougal.

Uproarious laughter followed O'Hara's jest and McDougal, quite beside himself with rage, charged O'Hara like an enraged bull with a red flag flaunted in his face. He struck out viciously with his right, but O'Hara, seeing that he was not close enough to make the blow effective, caught it on his chin, allowing his chin to sink down with the spent blow, thus overcoming McDougal's greater reach and bringing him up within the length of his own arm. With all the force of his legs, back and shoulder behind the blow he landed directly over McDougal's heart. The big cowpuncher stood tottering, gasping for breath; another blow on the chin would put him out and he was momentarily helpless to defend himself; every cowpuncher in the crowd knew it and held his breath to see what O Hara would do.

"Call it a draw, McDougal," advised one of the cowpunchers, "he's too well onto the game fer you; there's no use tryin' to beat a man at his own game."

With a bellow like a steer cornered in a coulee by a wolf, McDougal pushed in on O'Hara and clinched him; but here again he did not know how to take advantage of the prodigious strength upon which he depended for success in this last resort; as they closed, O'Hara slipped his right arm around the small of McDougal's back and caught his chin in the palm of his left hand. McDougal's greater height was a serious disadvantage, as there was little difference in their weights. O'Hara, putting all the power of his shorter back into the strain, began to draw McDougal's waist in toward him while he forced his head, slowly but steadily back. McDougal, gathering all his strength for a last frantic effort exerted himself till the veins stood out on his neck, almost to bursting; but the struggle was useless; his head slowly went back till the strain on the small of his back was unendurable; suddenly a sense of suffocation overcame him and his grip relaxed. O'Hara, feeling him growing limp in his arms, gave him a backward shove, without strik-

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ing, sending him to the ground in a crumpled mass where he sat panting in deep, gulping breaths. When he had somewhat recovered himself, O'Hara remarked in a patronizing voice: "Yez air all right bustin' bronchoes, McDougal, but it's another game when yez tackle men."

## *The Manor Inn*

Continued from page 24

slept so late. It was so comfortable I was in no hurry to leave, and when I did the landlady gave me food for the day,—that is the last of it you are eating," indicating the remnants of food which still remained in the old woman's hand, "was she not generous?"

"True, young woman, and you are not ungrateful for kindness shown to you, and deserve to be well treated. For my own part I've nothing to say, and you mustn't mind an old woman's gossip. No doubt it's all idle tales of superstitious folk. And now, thanking you kindly for your bite which has put new strength into my old body, I'll go on my way."

Once again Ellen resumed her journey

"How many more?" she inquired wearily to herself.

A mile farther she obtained shelter with a cotter and his wife, and that night thoroughly worn out with the experiences of the preceding night, the journey and the interviews of that eventful day the soldier's wife slept the deep sleep of exhaustion.

At last the long toilsome journey was over. The town of M——was reached, and Corporal Thomas Winchester held his wife in his arms, gazing long and lovingly into her winsome face.

"It's good to see you, lass I've missed you sore, my girl. You must rest now for sadly tired you must be with the long tramp. You're the right stuff for a soldier's wife, Nellie."

Throwing her arms around his neck, Ellen Winchester burst into tears. "O Tom! Dear Tom! It's glad I am to see you. One time I never thought to see you again."

The captain of the regiment to which Corporal Thomas Winchester belonged listened attentively to the story told him by his subordinate officer, and questioned closely his pretty modest wife.

As a result of the information which he laid before the authorities the secret door in the wing in the old Manor Inn was discovered.

Descending the stone stair-case which they found on the other side of the secret door the officers of the law found buried the body of the unfortunate drover and also the remains of many others who had mysteriously disappeared from time to time.

As the landlord and his wife were led off to prison the dame exclaimed in an aside to her husband:

"If you hadn't been so soft-hearted over that jade of a soldier's wife she would have had no tales to tell."

The landlord utterly cowed by the revelations of the underground chambers of horrors shook his head and answered sadly:

"I'm glad I haven't to answer for her too. She was a pretty lass, but a deep one."

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## McGonnigal

Continued from page 19

with Micky Sullivan Johnny Lachappelle, an' Dan McDonald to th' mouth o' Morton's creek an' dam it up with snags or logs. When they open their sluices their logs'll jam, an' we'll git a chanst ter pass them. Y'understand ?"

"I hev a hazy idea, sorr," replied McGonnigal slowly.

"Never mind. McDonald an' th' others will know—they'll show ye. Ye kin go down with them, so keep yerself in readiness an' in good fightin' trim." And the foreman strolled away.

"In good fightin' trim ?" murmured McGonnigal. "I wonder phwat he manes by thot ? Kape yerself in good fightin' trim, he said. B'jabers, me coat tail is always draggin' in th' mud, an' it only needs a man ter tread on it ter start a foight. Wirra ! I'll soon find out."

Day after day, a mysterious atmosphere of expectancy pervaded the sun flooded woods and proclaimed the advent of spring. The snow became honeycombed, and the ice frazzled, while gaunt crows in the pine tops made the mornings discordant with their caws, and the hibernating animals of the forests turned in their lairs to look at the sun. Along the banks of the creek, naked logs, limbed and marked, steamed in the noonday heat, and the ice of the little river turned weak and mushy. The dams above, were filling fast with spring water, and when an Indian river driver came up from below one balmy morning with the intelligence that the St. Anne was moving out, McGraw sent the four men off on their mission with a team, axes, canthooks, old logging chains and a box of timber dogs.

It was night when they reached the St Anne River, and as the ice had given way in several places, leaving open leads, they left the team and sleigh in charge of Sullivan. The others shouldering their implements, found a leaky flat bottomed boat, tumbled into it, and pushed off. It was risky work crossing the frail ice, as they had to haul the boat out and push it over the cakes, and several times, they crashed through mush into the icy river. When at last, they grounded the boat on the muddy banks on the other side, the plotters heaved a sigh of relief and wiped the perspiration from their faces

Dan McDonald—a Glengarry man from the Scotch settlements on the Ottawa—took the lead. "We've got a guid mile yet tae go afore we strike th' mouth o' Morton's creek. Dinna mak' a noise, fur it's mair than likely they'll hae a watch set tae spile tricks like oors"

Scrambling and crawling through the wet bush, over rocks and stones, and floundering thro' morass and mud, the trio wended their way in the dark, until McDonald called a halt

"Wheest !" he commanded. "I'm thinkin' they've got a mon posted at th' mooth o' th' creek, an' he's smokin'. Kin ye no smell *tabac canadien* on th' win'? Wait a meenit, an' I'll gang forrit an' see."

A few minutes later he crawled back, quivering with suppressed excitement. "There's twa o' them, boys, an' yin o' them is Bully Mechante with a rifle. What th' deevil are we gaun tae do ?"

"Knock 'em on head," growled McGonnigal.

"Ye don' knock a man lak' Bully Mechante on de head ver' easy, [illegible] Lachappelle. "I t'ink we better for crawl up to dem, an' see w'at we can do. Maybe we'll git chanst to rush dem, or maybe they'll go asleep after a while. Mechante nevaire come down here without some [illegible] for keep de cold out"


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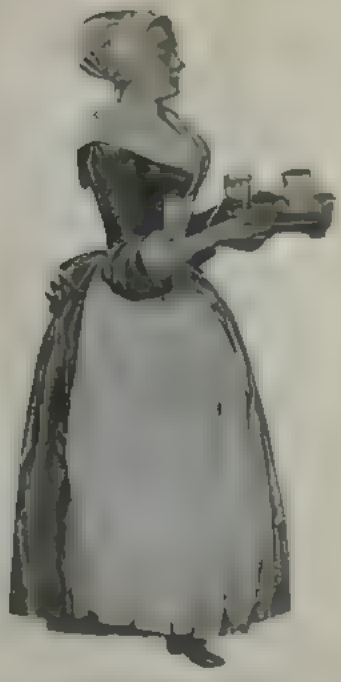

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Lachappelle's plan was agreed upon, and like snakes the men wriggled through the undergrowth with their load. Grovelling and crawling among the slushy snow, wet to the skin, they drew near the scene of action until they could hear the growling monotone of the sentry's voices.

McDonald's arm shot out, and he crushed the impetuous McGonnigal to the snow. "Wait!" he whispered. For a solid, shivering, and apparently endless hour, they lay crouched in the slush, until they were electrified to sudden watchfulness by an unmistakable snore. McDonald looked up. "By thunder, boys, they're both asleep. Me an' Red will tackle Mechante, an' Lachappelle kin handle th' other man. He's a little feller."

Mechante, a huge muscular brute of a man, with a swarthy pock marked face, awoke to vigilant activity when McDonald tripped over a stump, and in a trice he reached for the gun.

"*Qui est la?*—" he bawled, when a heavy fist smashed him between the eyes. A powerful arm encircled his chest, and in a moment he was back-heeled and rolling in the snow with horny fingers groping for his wind pipe.

"*Mojee*—" he gurgled.

"Shut up, you scowbanker!" growled a voice, and a handful of slushy leaves and mud was crammed into his mouth. Deft hands rolled him over, and a sailor's fist half hitched his arms behind his back with a piece of snowshoe thong. Mechante was powerful, and he boasted that he could tackle any two men, but taken by surprise as he was, he had little chance to make a fight. Thinking it was McGraw that felled him, he spluttered. "Goddam, McGraw, I feex you for dis——"

"'Tis not McGraw, me joker," hissed a rich brogue in his ear. "'Twas McGonnigal, from Donegal—a modest man that don't loike bad langwidge." And Mechante's face was thrust down into the mud.

In the meantime, Lachappelle and McDonald labored like Titans, rolling some old dam logs on to the ice of the creek, where they lashed them with the logging chains threaded through dogs well hammered in. The whole mass was securely bound by chains to stumps on either bank, and remained, a log jamming barricade, calculated to impede the progress of a veritable Niagara.

Seated on the body of Mechante, McGonnigal caressed the gun, and kept it pointing in the direction of the other prisoner, who lay still and said nothing. Every now and again, the big captive would give a wriggle, and Patrick would bring the butt of the rifle down on the back of his head.

"Bad scran to ye—ye squirmin' blag'ard. Move again an' I'll jam yer

ugly figgerhead inter th' dirt. Why can't ye kape still loike yer mate thar'?"

Panting and sweating, the others finished their task and rejoined the sailor and the prisoners. For an hour they stood around, the Irishman amusing his comrades by pushing Mechante's face in the mud in order to quench the flow of bad language which trickled from the mouth of the aggrieved one. He was almost black in the face with helpless rage, and the malevolent glances he gave McGonnigal boded little good for that gentleman in the future if Mechante got his hands on him.

During the night, the St. Anne cleared and at daylight, McDonald held up his hand. "Listen!" he cried. "They're openin' th' dams! I hope McGraw is awake an' losin' no time."

A low, thunderous murmur could be heard on the vibrant morning air, and almost instantly, a roaring flood of ice and water careered down the almost empty watercourse, followed by a whirling, tossing chaos of logs. Shouts rang through the woods, and McDonald cried, "Here they come. Run like th' devil for th' boat. Scoot, boys, scoot!"

Mechante gave a mighty heave at his bonds, snapped them like twine, and rolled McGonnigal over on his back among the brush. In a minute he was at him, and while Lachappelle and McDonald were pelting thro' the bush, the sailor and Mechante were engaged in a battle royal, snarling, striking, and kicking like a pair of wildcats.

When the two men reached the boat, they missed McGonnigal.

"Where's Red?"

"I t'ought he was behind me."

"Let's git back. Mechante an' the other feller have got him—"

Bang! went a gun, and a rifle bullet whizzed above their heads as the redoubtable Irishman crashed through the bush, his red mop over his eyes, face cut and bleeding, and one arm of his coat missing.

"Inter th' boat, bhoys," he panted. "McShanty's loose an' he's got th' gun!

In less than a moment, they scrambled into the boat and pushed off "McGraw's opened th' dam!" cried McDonald joyfully, as he glanced up the river at the flood of logs pouring down.

Using their paddles they swung across the river, swirling with the force of long pent up waters, and careering and grinding among the timber thundering out of McLean's creek, made their way across to the other bank, where McGraw and his river drivers awaited them.

It was daylight when they passed Morton's creek, and the McLean camp hooted and yelled at Mechante and his men, who were working with cant hook and pole, trying to break a jam of logs which had piled across the entrance of the little stream like a barricade. As they tramped past, the Frenchman spied them, and shaking his fist, screamed curses.

"*Sacre*!" he yelled. "Goddam! I'll feex you, *tete rouge*! Wait till I get ma han's on you somtam' wit' dat *mojee* McGraw."

McGonnigal extended a broad thumb to his nose and performed a sign of contempt, familiar to men of all nations. "B'jabers," he growled to McDonald. "Th' bounder gave me a clip in th' figgerhead wid his spiked hoof. I'd like ter pay him back fur that.

"Phwat was that he called me? Tate rooge?"

"Which means 'red head' in the peasoup language," explained Sullivan "ye'll want to look out fur Mechante He's a bully an' tough nut. See that he don't catch ye down th' river."

McGraw strolled up with a satisfied expression beaming over his bronzed

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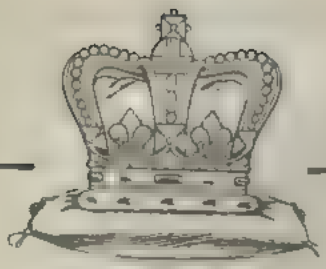

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face. "Great work, boys," said he. "We've fixed Morton's gang good. He'll be all day pickin' th' key o' that jam. I had all th' boys up all night, rolling inter th' creek, an' we've got th' whole cut clear an' away. Who scratched ye, Red?"

"McShanty," growled the latter, lighting up his pipe. "Druv' his boot in me mug——"

"All right, boys," cried the foreman, turning away. "Some o' you cross th' river an' roll off stranded logs. Keep 'em movin', while we've got th' water."

For many days, they followed the logs down; walking along the river banks through mud and slush, wading creeks, sleeping in the chilly open, and devouring their food raw. Whiskey was plentiful, and it was astonishing how much the men drank to stave off the cold of eternally wet clothing, and continual sloshing about in icy water.

The timber was carefully steered in and out of booms, over rapids, and chutes, until a fine, balmy spring day saw the cut boomed in slack water with those of several other companies, and the work of sorting the various cuts began.

Dexterous rivermen performed wonderful feats of agility, jumping from stick to stick across the booms, and birling the logs with spiked boots and never wetting the soles. McGonnigal received many a cold ducking essaying these tricks, but as his fame had spread far, the observing shantymen took care not to laugh too loud.

At last the logs were sorted and boomed in their respective "sacks": McLean's cut was taken in tow by the company's tug, and the gang made for Quebec. Mechante came in soon after, rampaging and swearing, and the butt of all the shantymen on the River. The big Frenchman cursed and promised himself a fine revenge when he got to the ancient capital, and with these thoughts in his mind, he hustled his gang from morning to night, until he got his cut clear.

McLean's gang were paid off, and after the married and steadier men had gone to their homes, the rest held high carnival, and endeavoured to paint the old world town in sanguinary hues. McGraw, McGonnigal, and a dozen others located at Murphy's Hotel in the lower town, and the hostelry staged some wild scenes. Drunken shantymen reeled in and out continuously during the day, and at night the place rang to rude bursts of song, loud laughter and noisy dancing. Fights were common occurrences, and the clatter of broken glass became a familiar sound.

Mechante had come to town, and made Grevier's Hotel the rendezvous for his gang, and as the news of McGraw's exploit had spread among the lumbermen, the fraternity wondered if the two would meet, and discussed probabilities. Such however was not McGraw's intention. He had no desire to have a turn with the big Frenchman, who was a past master in the art of *savate*, and could fight as well with his feet as with his hands. In his cups, Mechante declared that if McGraw would not come to him, he would, like Mahomet, go to McGraw, and spend a pleasant evening with the latter and the "*tete rouge*" wiping off old scores.


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Next day, an excited bushwhacker stamped into Murphy's with the news that Mechante and his gang were coming down to clean the place up that night, and true to his word, while McGraw and McLean's men were congregated in the bar smoking and drinking, Mechante strolled in, followed by his henchmen. The singing stopped as if by magic, and in the silence that ensued a pin could have been heard to drop.

Mechante leered around, and spying McGraw, made a bow of studied politeness. "*Bon soir*, Meester McGraw. I th'ought I would call an' see you dis tam, eh?"

"You're welcome," growled the other coolly. "What'll ye have?"

"*Merci*," said Mechante ironically. "I have still enough *piastres* to pay for my own dreenks. You weel dreenk wit' me, Meester McGraw." Both men strode to the bar, and Murphy, with an ominous glance at McGraw, placed the bottle of *whiskey blanc* on the counter.

The men of the opposing camps filled the room, and an uneasy, tense silence dominated the atmosphere of the bar-room, as the foremen stood up to the bar and filled their glasses.

The bully drained his liquor at a gulp, and setting down his glass, placed his elbow on the rail, and leered tigerishly at the other.

"I hear, McGraw, dat a man leecked you dis wintaire, eh? Is dat so?"

Roddy colored. "Maybe so, Mechante, maybe so. Ye hear many things in th' bush these days."

"Huh!" replied the other sarcastically and with an insolent stare. "You're a poor devil for camp boss. You let your men leeck you w'en dey like. I hear dat, me."

"I've heard things too, Mechante," said McGraw coolly, while the assembled men strained their ears. "I heard that ye had yer mouth full o' somethin' ye couldn't swaller, a few days back—"

"Yes, by Gar," roared the other. "Where's dat man—de *tete rouge*?"

"I also heard," continued Roddy, "that ye allowed yer logs ter jam at th' mouth o' yer chute—"

"Where's de *tete rouge*?" bawled Mechante. "Who jammed ma logs?"

"I did, by heck!" shouted McGraw. "Have ye anythin' to say about it?" Both men were by this time glaring into each other's faces, and the tension became almost unbearable. Mechante stared for a moment, and then burst into a harsh laugh.

"You did?" he reiterated with contemptuous sarcasm. "Why, McGraw, I c'd break you lak' wan leetle puppy dog. You jam my log? Ha! ha! Where's your *camarade*—the *tete rouge*?"

At this juncture, McGonnigal thrust himself forward from the bench he had been sitting on, and faced the Frenchman with an airy devil may care smile playing over his features.

"Is it th' red head, ye'll be after wantin'?" he rumbled. "Sure an' me hair happens ter be o' that gloryus, aristocratic hue. Maybe ye don't like th' color? Maybe ye still have a dhry throat wid th' mud ye swallered up th' river? G'wan, mate, yer mug's still dhirty! Maybe me chum McGraw ain't treatin' ye right?"

Mechante was nonplussed for a moment with the Irishman's aggressive attitude and he blurted out, "McGraw ees good feller!"

"Then what in h—l are ye bawlin' about?" cried the sailor thrusting his hard bitten visage into the Frenchman's.

Mechante, with an oath, turned his head to the bar, and snarled at Murphy to set him up a drink. McGonnigal gazed at the man for a space, and swung around to McGraw, saying loud enough for everyone to hear. "Roddy, me bhoy, we don't need to be scared o'


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that big stiff. He's all wind, but there ain't enough in him ter flap a main skysail."

The men of the two factions drew apart, crowding to the bar and drinking noisily. The Bully began talking and shouting to his companions in a loud voice, and swigging drink after drink. McGraw and McGonnigal drew over to a corner, for the former knew that the trouble was by no means over yet. With a skinful of "rot-gut" in him, Mechante would regain his courage, and a fracas would start.

"Red," whispered the foreman, "look out for the Bully. He's drinkin' to get his fightin' blood up an' he'll come fur ye yet. If he does, look out for his feet."

From an aggressive silence, the two gangs began to pass various stinging pleasantries at each other across the room, and Mechante lolled across the bar encouraging his men to further bravado. The whiskey he had consumed was rising to his head, and he felt fearless and strong

"Meester McGraw," he bawled "Watch me keeck !"

Striding into the center of the room, he made a spring into the air, and turning a complete somersault, sent his calked boot heels with a crack into the ceiling; landing on his feet again amid a storm of applause. Pointing to the marks of the calks in the ceiling above, he leered at McGraw.

"Meester," he cried. "Can you do dat treeck ? I t'ink not, eh ? You're too stiff in de joint for dat. De man in your camp leeck you w'en dey lak'. You call yourself a foreman—a boss—hey ? I say dat you're leetle puppy dog, an' I whip you lak' leetle dog—" With the dark blood mounting to his face, McGraw rose. "I'm a leetle puppy dog, am I ?" he muttered, taking off his coat.

The Bully watched him with an evil grin. "You'll fight me, hey ?" he chuckled. "Boys, de McGraw is goin' to fight. De puppy dog wants a leeckin from Napoleon Mechante—de bully of de Sant' Anne——"

As he spoke, McGonnigal advanced and pulled McGraw aside. "Roddy ! Leave th' big swab ter me. He guv me his boot in th' mug wan day. See fair play."

Rolling up to the astonished Mechante the sailor coolly looked him up and down, with his hands in his pockets, and then deliberately squirted a stream of tobacco juice over the Frenchman's boots.

"*Sacre,*" screamed Mechante, and he swung for McGonnigal's head with a terrific roundarm punch. "I'll feex you, *tete rouge*, for dat ! You stuff ma mout' wit' mud—Ouch !"

McGonnigal jumped in and delivered a crashing drive into the Frenchman's

chest, which choked his utterance, and followed up his advantage by a socker on the jaw.

"Ouf !" grunted Mechante, as the blow went home. Up went his booted feet—sock ! sock !—and McGonnigal crashed back among the chairs and tables with a splintering of broken furniture.

"Ow ! th' cursed swab !" he rasped. "He caught me atween wind an' water wid his hoofs."

"Watch his feet !" hissed McGraw in his ear as he stepped up to his opponent again.

"How you lak' dat, Rouge ?" leered Mechante.

"Same as you like that !" roared McGonnigal, as he feinted with his hand, and caught the Frenchman a terrific kick in the stomach with all the power in his heavily booted right foot.

Mechante doubled up in agony. He never for a moment expected that the other would pay him back in his own coin—Englishmen never used their feet in fighting, and he was taken by surprise. As he lowered his guard to clasp his stomach, McGonnigal rushed him to the floor with vicious blows, and in tense grips, the men rolled under the feet of the mob, sending tables and chairs flying in all directions.

As they swung towards the Quebec heater, men yelled a warning. McGonnigal looked up for an instant, and grasping Mechante by the neck with iron fingers, jammed his face against the side of the almost red hot stove !

With a bellow like the ancient Polyphemue, the Frenchman struggled out of the sailor's grip, screaming and cursing.

"Dat's what ye git fur stampin' yer spikes in me mug up th' river," growled a voice, and the combatants were buried in a horde of fighting, shouting men. Both camps were at one another's throats, and McGraw's voice could be heard above the din. "Heave them out, boys. McLean's camp ! McLean's camp ! Clean them up !"

Swinging a chair with tremendous sweep, he led his gang, and pandemonium reigned. Murphy screamed in vain for order to be restored. A flying bottle sent him under his own bar counter for refuge, and McGraw's chair sent the lamps clattering to the floor. Men fought with whatever they could lay their hands on. Bottles, glasses, chairs, and tables were hurled and broken in the hands of maddened lumbermen, and the air was thick with yells and oaths—French, American and Canadian. Struggling, stamping, and punching, the combatants reeled around the room to the accompaniment of smashing glass, splintering woodwork, and cracking partitions. The stove pipes came down with a run, and the air was thick with soot and smoke, and the din was indescribable. The noise had brought up every lumberman in the lower town, and they thronged the sidewalks outside.

One by one, Morton's gang crashed through windows and doors pursued by some enraged McLean man, hatless, coatless, and often shirtless, and one of the first to leave was Mechante, who was hove through a huge plate glass window out to the sidewalk. While he was trying to pick himself up, McGonnigal assisted his journey by heaving a bottle of squareface at him, and the blow made him yelp.

When at last the trembling Murphy struck a match and gazed on the scene of action, he almost wept. "Och, blazes ! I'm ruined !" he cried. "Furniture all broken, winders an' mirrors all smashed, half me stock gone, an' th' place lookin' like h—l struck wid a cyclone. Wirra ! 'twas a sorry day that I allowed yez into me hotel. Five hundred dollars gone to Hades in thirty minutes ! Och, sure, 'tis worse nor a Fenian Raid ! That's what I git fur allowin' them scrappy, boozy shantymen to hang around here. 'Tis


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th' same ivery spring, but this is th' worst yet. Ochonee!"

It was some two days later that the second mate of the British barque "Falls of Clyde" turned at the mate's query. "Who are all that gang shoutin' an' singin' in th' foc'sle?" The junior officer smiled. "I understand that they're friends o' that new bos'un's mate we signed here. They came pilin' aboard th' ship to see him, an' by th' hook block! 'twould take a regiment to stop them."

"What are they?"

"Lumbermen, sir—an' every man jack as full as a tick."

The mate smacked his lips reminiscently.

"Well, Mr. Gammon, ye kin pass th' word along for all strangers to get ashore. We'll be heavin' up in a few minutes."

McGonnigal—metamorphosed to the sailor again by slop chest dungarees, peaked cap, and creaking sea boots, lurched drunkenly on to the foc'sle head, followed by about twenty of the old camp gang, who proffered him drinks out of handy flasks, and wept in maudlin farewells.

An old chorus came floating aft, and the mate listened to the hoarse words.

Oh it's pork an' beans for breakfast,
Pork an' beans at night,
Pork an' beans at noontime,
By G—, boys, it's a fright——"

"Hey, thar', Mr. Gammon. Send these fellers ashore."

With hearty, honest hand grips, they bade McGonnigal goodbye, and scrambled into the boats alongside

"Good bye, Red," almoat wept McGraw. "Cut th' sailorin' business in th' fall an come up on th' St. Anne again with me. Ye're a decent sort, an' ye kin handle yer mitts like a plug-ugly, an' it's great times we've had together. So long, Red." And he clambered over the side.

"All hands to th' windlass!" came a thundering hail along decks, and a few minutes later, the barque was hove short

"Pass the hawser down, an' heave up!" The tug ranged alongside; the anchor came up from the mud of Quebec Harbor to the tune of a plaintive chantey, and McGonnigal stood at the heel of the bowsprit looking down at his former comrades.

"Tell McShanty to put a pitch plaster on his jib th' next time ye see him. I'm thinkin' it wuz burnt some I'll maybe see ye in th' fall. So long, boys." With a wave of his hand, he turned to his work. The barque swung round to the pull of the tug, and glided down the river, while the lumberjacks watched their comrade disappear.

"Thar' goes th' Boss of th' Sant' Anne, an' th' hardest scrapper I iver met." And McGraw looked for consolation in a flask of rye. "Ef he comes back, there'll be somethin' doing."

# Radford-Street Expedition

Continued from page 13.

and here to our great satisfaction, we found an encampment of Eskimos, at a crossing place of the caribou, known as Od-e-uk-tellig. Remaining here two days, we resumed the canoe journey with a crew of three Eskimos to Chesterfield Inlet; searched the entire length of the Inlet for our relief supplies, and on the last day of September found them at the Inlet's mouth, on the shore of Hudson Bay, where the Hudson's Bay Company, faithful to their promise, had landed them three weeks previously from their steamer Pelican."

Many readers will remember the hardships J. B. Tyrrell experienced on his journey from Chesterfield Inlet, where he had not arranged for supplies, to Fort Churchill, the nearest post. Several explorers know parts of the country through which the two men travelled, but Mr. Tyrrell is one of the few who has made the journey right through from the Mackenzie Basin to Hudson Bay. Mr. Radford continues:

"On the third of October, we re-ascended Chesterfield Inlet, sailed up Baker River into Baker Lake in a small forty foot schooner which was placed at my disposal for the transportation of my supplies for the interior, and reached the head of the lake the night before it set fast with ice. We proved the navigability of the lake for vessels of light draught, and were the first whites to navigate these inland waters with any craft larger than a canoe or skiff since their discovery by Captain Christopher in 1762."

They had arranged with Chief Akulak to come for them with dogs and sledges and bring their supplies to the Eskimos' winter camp. This was reached about the first of December and there Radford and Street spent the winter in a sort of annex to the chief's own igloo. From these headquarters—Od-e-uk-tellig—Street made sledge journeys aggregating seven hundred miles. On March the twenty-sixth, 1912 the explorers set out accompanied by three Eskimos, one of whom was Chief Akulak. They had two sledges, one loaded with the canoe, "Hope," which they had carried with them throughout. After an overland journey of seven weeks they reached the Arctic coast near the head of Bathurst Inlet. By this time it was the middle of May.

Mr. Radford's letter goes on:

"Our route lay up the Thelon River valley to Beverly Lake; thence northwesterly to Back's River. . . .up Back's River to Lake Beechey, thence northerly and westerly to Bathurst Inlet."

This journey is reported as not being especially trying, the lowest temperature being only forty-five degrees below zero, while in camp the lowest was sixty-one below. But they did have difficulty in feeding their dogs, owing to the scarcity of caribou—in fact they lost eight of the twenty-five during the trip.

Hanbury explored this country in 1902, spending three weeks in an igloo, but did not go further than Lake Pelly.

An interesting portion of the letter gives a description of a primitive tribe of Eskimos inhabiting Bathurst Inlet:

"These have had no intercourse with whites, do not possess rifles, and hunt as of old with a bow, spear and harpoon; they all use stone kettles, and knives of hammered, native copper, and strike fire with stones and tinder or by rubbing a pointed stick into another piece of wood, until the latter becomes heated enough to ignite."

An arrangement was made with three of these Eskimos to accompany the white men westward along the Arctic coast to the Mackenzie delta—the intended route to civilization being Fort Macpherson, Dawson and through Alaska. Toward the end of the letter there is a statement that Dawson should be reached in the winter of

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1912-13, and something of the tragedy lies in the fact that within a few hours of the expression of this hope, the man who uttered it and his companion lay dead, slain by the Eskimos who were to guide them.

Fourteen months ago this letter was written, and passed from hand to hand through the wide silent spaces of the north to come at last to the one of whom Radford thought as he guided the pencil over its pages. Twenty-four hours after the postman left it at the door, word was flashed to the newspapers of the explorers' death.

They started out that last morning, feeling that the worst was accomplished and the final stage of their journey to Dawson and the world outside was begun. Perhaps a light snow was falling. Breakfast was prepared and eaten, and the men lighted their pipes as they superintended the loading of sledges and the harnessing of dogs. The guide stood ready for the signal to move, the whole party were on the point of departure—all but one dog driver who suddenly refused to go further. The accounts of what actually happened vary. Certainly there was a swift change from buoyant cheerfulness to flashing wrath—perhaps there was a blow struck. One can imagine the cracking of the dog-whip in the white man's hand. Suddenly as a striking snake the recalcitrant driver turned, plunging his ready spear through Radford's breast. Street grasped his rifle and sprang forward, but in doing so he turned his back to the man at his sledge, and in that moment met death from the point of a spear in his back. He fell, and two crimson blots widened to meet each other upon the snow.

. . . . . .

According to the schedule of the explorers, they were not expected in Dawson until the winter of 1912-13, and anxiety as to their safety was not acute. But rumors leaked through to a Hudson's Bay post that there had been a tragedy. This was hard to believe, for it has been the experience of travellers in the northland that the Eskimo is faithful and reliable, although it is stated that certain primitive tribes have cruel customs and repulsive superstitions. Chief Akulak yearly treks into the interior to barter with the Bathurst Inlet Eskimos who have no dealings whatever with the white men. During the winter following the departure of Radford and Street with men of this tribe, Chief Akulak made his inland journey as usual, and inquired at the conference in the igloos for news of the white explorers. The replies did not satisfy Akulak, and it may be that he saw property belonging

to his friends the white men. At any rate his suspicions were aroused, and bit by bit he pieced the story together. When he came out from his trip, he confirmed the rumors that had already reached the Hudson's Bay post, and on his report the Royal Northwest Mounted Police sent a detachment into the Bathurst Inlet region to investigate More we cannot learn of the manner in which the explorer met death until the constables return, but there can be little doubt that Akulak's story is true, and that two more names are added to the roll of those who have perished in the Arctic. The strange thing about it is the treachery of the Eskimos. From the days of Franklin down to Fitzgerald, men have set out upon the quest for the unknown and the north has swallowed them; but since the murder of Lieutenant Hood there have been very few authenticated cases in which an explorer's failure to return has been the result of treachery on the part of the natives.

## *And Everywhere Mary Went*

Continued from page 11

sighed Mary Millicent, "How did that happen to you, Barney ?"

I wrote a pome," and he waved the valentine.

"Let's have it, Barney"—Mary Millicent gaily invited disaster—"Don't le blossoming there unseen. Some have poetry wafted upon them."

Barney wet his stump of a pencil in a twisted tongue, put in a comma where it didn't belong, and began—

"Mary had a kape of fam—
It had a nawful purrdume—
And everywhere, that Mary went
The peepul swore an' lef' the room"—

But his mother had seen the valentine, and, instead of the poet's crown of bay, Barney departed twisting wreaths of rue.

I could better write epitaphs than poetry," said Mary Millicent," 'It was a cape', I'd say in elegy."

"You talk queer, Mary Millicent," said her mother, "and you look feverish. Now, you girls go to bed and in the morning we'll fix the cape all right."

Mary Millicent disappeared into a feather tick without observing the order of evening prayer.

"Aren't you going to read your chapter ?" asked Macedonia Elizabeth

"My Bible dropped where—the—thing —was," said Mary Millicent sullenly.

"But aren't you going to say any prayers ?" persisted Macedonia, hoping still to know through older Mary Millicent and her faith the origin of the Deity

"No," said Mary Millicent, more sullenly. "You shut up, Elizabeth. I have left in me only one faculty—the sense of smell."

The first rites of the aid to the tainted took place on Saturday morning in the privacy of the wood-shed. Cedar shavings a-smoke on the dust-pan sent up a sweet-smelling incense to the infected lamb. It was a double house and a double wood-shed with cracks between the boarding, and the little neighbor woman's eyes and nose were given her to use. She used them. Then she came around to the wood-shed door. But she was a discreet little neighbor woman with no sense of humor, and she didn't even laugh, but offered sympathy and promised Mary Millicent solemnly not to tell, then went home for reinforcements, which consisted of Condy's Fluid, moth balls, oil of cedar, camphor, iodoform, Florida water and benzoin


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"The alleviations seem almost worse than the affliction," suggested Elizabeth through the diffusing emanations. But the mother was busy burning charcoal and Mary Millicent had just stubbed her toe on the mop as she carried out a shovel of fuming sulphur, and was incapable of speech.

The children made offering of all their treasured bits of extracts. Chlorines and chlorides and cologne took turns. And, finally, in the bright afternoon sunshine Mary's lamb was allowed out on the line, the original immoral odor bewildered among all known deodorizers and all the perfumes of Araby.

To the older Doyles, resting and hoping, came Barney reporting.

"Arretta Brown's mother is out on her steps pointin' at our line an' talkin' to our Auntie Warren" (the little neighbor woman) "an' Pete Gibson come up to them an' looked an' laughed an' said 'Hell!' an' went home hurryin' an' laughin' an' hittin' his leg an' savin'—"

"That will do, Barney," decided his mother.

The little neighbor woman came down her cellar steps and up the Doyles' cellar-steps.

"Oh, what is it?" implored Mary Millicent. "Do they *know?* You didn't *tell* them?"

"No," said quiet Mrs. Warren, "She thinks you're showing off your new furs. 'They're poor,' she said to me, 'poor as pizen—and stinkin' proud!'"

And Mrs. Warren sat in amazed gravity while the Doyles laughed on each other's necks till they wept, and Mary Millicent, shaking the tears out of her lashes, spoke in an unknown tongue to Mrs. Warren—"That qualifying adverb," she said, "may not be according to the grammarians, but she spoke more truly than she knew,"—and that mad family were off again.

Came Barney once more dragging his sled in on the new carpet and forgetting to shut the door. "Pete Gibson's laughin' an' sayin' 'Hell!' an' puttin' skins on his line," he panted.

Pete's butcher-shop was just across a couple of lots, and Pete's nose was redder than just the winter afternoon had made it, and Pete's humor more broad than the Lord had endowed him. He hung skin after skin along an improvised line parallel with Mary Millicent's cape, while Arretta Brown's mother stood on her steps rejoicing at the parody, and Arretta stuck out her tongue at Barney, and John Sims, catching the infection, picked up his spaniel and draped him at the end of Pete's line of skins, and hilarious faces appeared at the neighbor's windows, but at her kitchen window, Mary Millicent was laughing happily, though hysterically still. "They don't *know*,"


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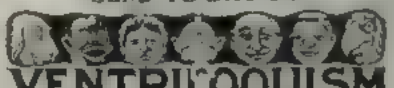

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she said in a sort of hallelujah voice, "Oh, glory be, they don't *know*!"

Mary Millicent didn't go to the carnival, and didn't tell Arthur Carpenter why, and that was the end of A. C.

On Sunday only Barney and Nubbins went to Sunday school. The visiting Bishop addressed the Sunday school. He was a prosy, pompous Bishop, and Nubbins fidgetted. Barney was humiliated.

"She wriggled an' bobbed," he said, "an' the Bishop stopped an' looked at her, but she wriggled an' bobbed. 'What is youah name, little girl?' he said, cross. 'Nubbins Doyle,' she said, an' yawned, an' never said 'Sir. 'Nubbins?'—he sort of bit it—'Nubbins!'—he sort of barked it—'Nubbins is no name for a Christian child.' An' then he stood up straight an' kin' o' shoved his eyes out an' pointed a finger at her an' said, 'Well, Nubbins Doyle, don't you wag youahself at youah Bishop!'—An' I'm not going to Sunday school with Nubbins no more." But Nubbins, lost to shame, was going asleep against her mother's arm before her red leggins were off.

"What was the Bishop talking about?" asked Mary Millicent languidly.

"'Bout bein' kind to everything 'live an' lovin' animals."

"All animals?" Mary Millicent sat up.

"Sure—bare green cattlepillers an' wild-cats an' mad bulls," Barney possessed the woe of imagination. "An' meddle-larks an' roarin' lines—"

"Every animal?" Mary Millicent insisted.

"Ain't I tellin' you?—*every animal*—an' think sweet of'm—bare green cattlepillers an' tagers an' devilsdarnneedles an' mice an' mosquitoes an' sea-sarpints an' pole-cats an'—"

"Then," said Mary Millicent, "I'm *glad* Nubbins wagged herself at him,' and she kissed the dimpled sleepy knees as she bent to remove the red leggings.

At night, The-Man-Who-Read went to church alone, unaware that the rites had been going on surreptitiously all that Sabbath day. "It was a good sermon," he told the family reproachfully," the theme centred about the odor of sancity"—the family melted again to Mary Millicent's murmur, "Does even *that* have to have an odor?"

On Monday morning, early and cold and dim, Mary Millicent, clad in the marred cape, was shuddering at facing again the nose of the world. The family, grouped around her, administered solace between sniffs at the cape.

"Keep away from stoves, Mary Millicent, and hang the cape always in a cold place, and keep oil of cedar in the pockets, and you'll be all right," said the mother.

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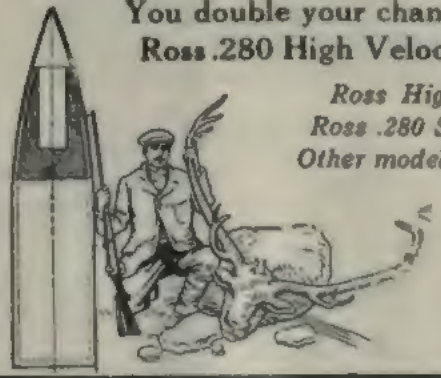

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Elizabeth patted her and sniffed strenuously. "You can hardly notice it," she consoled her, "It's merely a *nuance*," with an accent, air, and gesture her art master couldn't have beaten.

"Nuisance?" chuckled Barney, "I've thought of another pome,

Mary had a little lamb
A nuisance like a goat—

but Elizabeth got her hand over his mouth and kept it there.

Little Nubbins, a-tiptoe, glued her small tilted nose to the edge of the cape, curled up her face in disgust and stepped backwards. "It thmellth," she insisted, and stepping delicately, always backwards, suddenly sat down in a pail of water The-Man-Who-Read had left near the door before he went to work—"Oh, my God, I'm drownded," she screamed, her fat legs eloquent in the air, and Mary Millicent fled down the hill to her train, hysterical again. "The poor baby," she laughed, "Oh, my God, I'm drownded," and then ruefully to her cape—"It thmellth!"

For a long time she was nervous and hysterical, shivered suddenly, suffered in her memories and never

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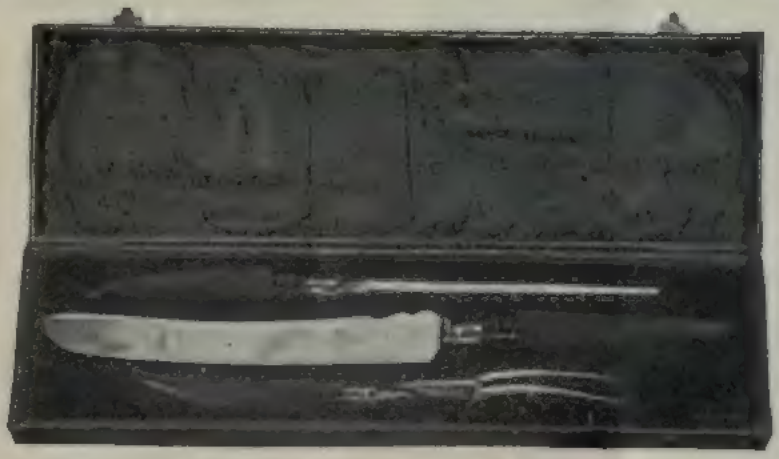

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laughed quite the same again. Bob and Rosa were good sports and did not tell and soon moved away to the West. The glory of the grey lamb had departed, the bloom was gone. Shame was steeped in the delicious soft greys, flame burned in the snowflakey whites. At the end of each calendar month, when Mary Millicent received the cheque of her gainful occupation, she paid her deposit and hated the cape harder and harder. At the salary aforesaid, it took a long time to pay for that cape on the credit system. It ought, perhaps, to be told here that she bought a new bible and got another Christian Endeavor pledge and returned to the Order of Evening Prayer, though with a rather joggled faith.

. . . . . .

Finally, the years were accomplished that grey lamb should be gradually relegated to the Limbo of Vanities, and sable reigned in its stead. The Lord had softened the hearts of the School Trustees in that manufacturing town so that they occasionally, but with signs of grief, added a twenty-five dollars to Mary Millicent's salary. And she had gone with shining eyes and marked success from grade to grade.

On a November morning, she took the train for the college town where she was to write on an extra-mural examination on some special preparatory work she was taking. The college town had fascinating shops along its streets. Mary Millicent went into one with her grey lamb cape in one hand and a prosperous purse in the other. She came out with a thinner purse, no grey lamb (the furrier had allowed her only twelve dollars for all that square surface of lamb, but she'd have given him twelve to take it, if he had only known), and a soft, dark sable scarf and muff that suited Mary Millicent's graver, slenderer young womanhood, and with relief in her heart, peace in her soul, and ambition in her fingertips, she set out for the college halls through a storm of soft, melting snow flakes.

The first paper was English Literature. Browning was on that year mostly. As the pens scratched over the foolscap, Mary Millicent glanced casually down the paper on her desk to a list of phrases. "Give the connection," was the laconic demand. At the fifth quotation, "The perfume and suppliance of a minute," Mary Millicent's eyes strayed, began to dance, and, of a sudden, across the academic quiet of the college halls, halting the scratching pens, amazing the presiding Professor until his glasses fell and shattered, of a sudden her girlish, most unacademic laughter rippled and broke, laughter with some wonderful quality of restored youth flickered and bubbled

and thrilled. With her very last ghost of humiliation laid, a demure, joyous Mary Millicent, unconscious of suspended pens, unaware of an outraged Professor stepping on his glasses, courageous at last for *the word*, bent her head over the white paper and wrote, "The perfume of a minute"—"Oh, you skunk!"

But, even as she wrote, her laughter stilled abruptly, her demure, joyous face grew shamed and despairing. Did *smells* have ghosts too, that the mere first writing of the so-long-silenced word should evoke that unmistakable, rancid odor? She heard again the flippant drummers in the train, again the rack of hysteria stirred along her nerves, for that active perfume that was sickening her soul was no ghost at all, but wafted surely from the new, comely, snow-wet sable that she had hung too near the stove on her right.

She rose unsedately from her seat, she seized the sable between a disgusted thumb and a shrinking finger, she started blindly for the furrier's place among the fascinating shops. At the door of the examination-room, she suddenly became conscious of the astonished hush, and, turning to the suspended pens and the outraged Professor still jamming his glasses under foot, she held out the fur with its resurrecting memories of a burning eternity, and struggled for speech.

"It *thmellth*!" lisped Mary Millident, and fled.

"It *thmellth*?" repeated the outraged Professor, and saw the powdered ruin of his glasses.

"It *thmellth*!!!" giggled the students each to each across the room, the suspended pens dropping again to the white paper.

And Mary Millicent, breathless and indignant, accusingly lisped it again to the furrier, "It *thmellth*."

And the furrier, equally breathless and indignant, sent it echoing on in protest, ""It thmellth?"

## *Unwilling Eve*

Continued from page 48.

sultry calm—a day on which game would be hard to stalk, but one perfectly suited for a long tramp.

Mindful of ticks, Blake headed obliquely across to the beach. Once on the smooth, hard sand, they swung along at a brisk pace, light-hearted and keen with the spirit of adventure. Never had they felt more companionable. Miss Leslie laughed and chatted and sang snatches of songs, while Blake beat time with his club, or whistled scraps of grand opera—he had healed his blistered lips some time before by liberal applications of antelope tallow.

Gulls and terns circled about them, or hovered over the water, ready to swoop down upon their finny prey. Sandpipers ran along the beach within a stone's throw, but the curlews showed their greater knowledge of mankind by keeping beyond gunshot.

Once a great flock of geese drove high overhead, their leader honking the alarm as they swept above the suspicious figures on the beach. Like the curlews, they had knowledge of mankind. But the flock of white pelicans which came sailing along in stately leisure on their immense wings floated past so low that Blake felt certain he could shoot one. He raised his bow and took aim, but refrained from shooting, at the thought that it might be a sheer waste of his precious poison.

A little later a herd of large animals appeared on the border of the grass jungle, but wheeled and dashed back into cover so quickly that Blake barely had time to make out that they were


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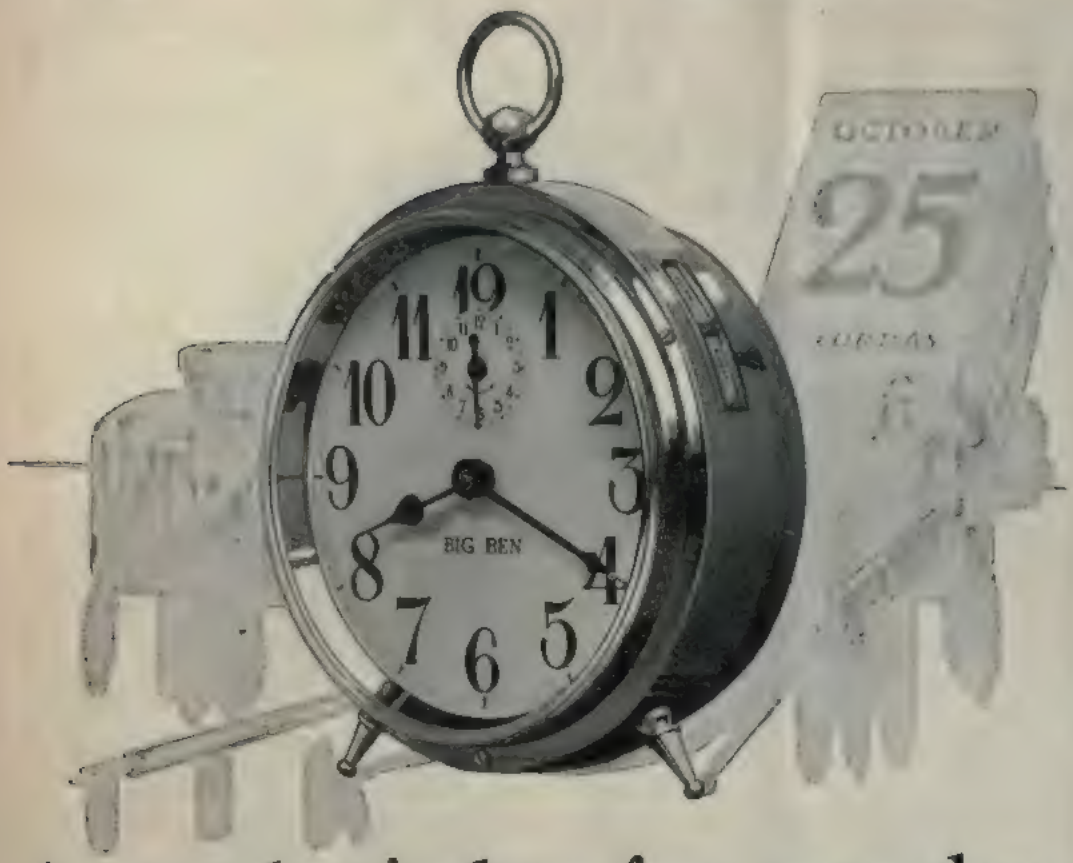


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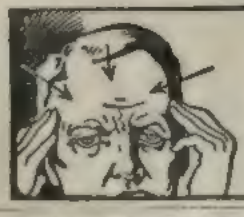

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buffaloes—the first he had seen on this coast, but easily recognized by their resemblance to the Cape variety. Their flight gave him small concern; for the time being he was more interested in topography than game.

The southern headland now lay close before them, its seaward face rearing up sheer and lofty, but the approach behind running down in broken terraces. Mid-morning found the explorers at the foot of the ridge. Blake squinted up at the boulder-strewn slopes and the crannies of the broken ledges.

"Likely place for snakes, Miss Jenny," he remarked. "Guess I'd better lead."

Eager as she was to look over into the country beyond, the girl dropped into second place, and made no complaint about the wary slowness of her companion's advance. She found the most difficult parts of the ascent quite easy after her training on the tree-ladder. Blake could have taken ledges and all at a run, but as he mounted each terrace, he halted to spy out the ground before him. Like Miss Leslie, he was looking for snakes, though for an exactly opposite reason. He wished to add to the contents of the cigarette case.

Greatly to his disappointment and the girl's relief, neither snake nor sign of snake was to be seen all the way up the ridge. As they neared the crest Blake turned to offer her his hand up the last ledges, and in the instant they gained the top.

The wind, now freshening to a gale, struck the girl with such force that she would have been blown back down the ledges had not Blake clutched her wrist. Heedless alike of the painful grip which held her and of the gusts which tore at her skirt, the girl stood gazing out across the desolate swamps which stretched away to the south-west as far as the eye could see. She did not speak until Blake led her down behind the shelter of the crest ledges.

"What's the matter?" he demanded. "Didn't I warn you?"

She looked away to hide the tears which sprang into her eyes.

"I can't explain—only, it makes me feel so—so lonely!"

"Oh, come now, little woman; don't take on so!" he urged. "It might be a lot worse, you know. We've gotten along pretty well, considering."

"You have been very kind, Mr. Blake, and as you say, matters might have been worse. I do not forget how far more terrible was our situation the morning after the storm. Yet you must realize how disappointing it is to lose even the slightest hope of escape."

*To be continued.*